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WHITEWASHED LADY. —

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BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHERFULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

Lawlessness

WITH ITS GHASTLY POSSIBILITIES

THERE are only two courses open for us: Our laws must be enforced, or we must face lawlessness with its rampant, terrorizing eventualities.

There is no border line. We cannot straddle the fence. Either we are a law-abiding nation, or we run the risk of mob rule which recognizes no law.

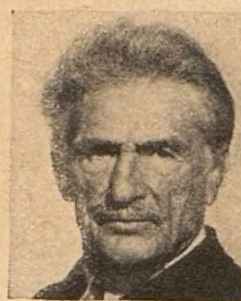
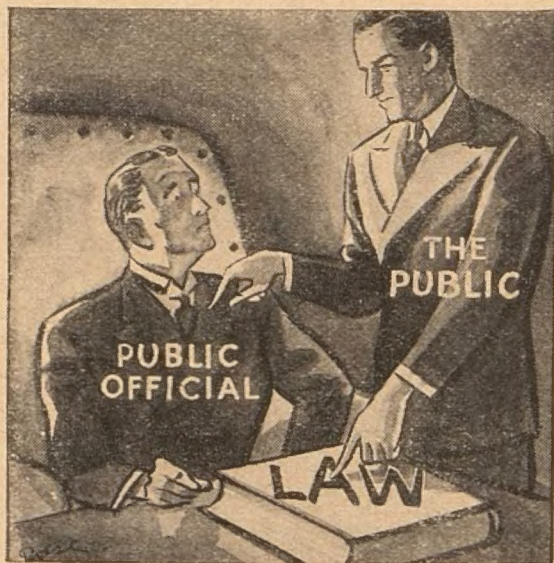
We can properly criticize our governmental system. It has many faults. But suppose there were no laws to control our citizens. Such a situation would bring mob rule, and a combination of mobs would soon appear from which the dictator we have been fearing would be selected.

The average American sympathizes most heartily with the workers' demand for more money and better living conditions, but the general public also have rights that should be considered and respected just as much as the employers' and employees'.

The reign of terror and mad violence and inhuman cruelties that come with mob rule need only to be experienced once to make one recoil in horror at the very thought of such a merciless catastrophe.

We must remember there are innumerable fiery leaders among our foreign visitors who desire to take possession of our country, and who are ready at a moment's notice to join any form of lawlessness that might destroy our government. These foreigners hate our laws. They have no respect for our people, and they are ready to take up the sword and join in the orgy that will leave our fair land open to a bloody massacre which might leave no home untouched.

Many of the job holders of this country . . . nearly forty million strong . . . have homes and children. They have comforts, even luxuries, that have never been previously enjoyed in this or in any other country, and they are the backbone of our great nation.

BERNARR
MACFADDEN

They do not want their loved ones . . . wives and daughters . . . desecrated. They do not want bloody murder to become commonplace.

The French and Russian revolutions, with their terrorizing savageries, are still alive in our memories, and if we want to avoid such barbarism, every citizen should stanchly demand respect for our laws—at least for the fundamental

principles of our governmental system.

If we ignore the law of the land and cast aside all respect for the property rights of others, why should we be so foolish as to expect proper consideration for our own property rights?

"Oh, it cannot happen here," is the comment of the average citizen. But the hysterical madness of a wild uncontrollable mob can do anything. Look at the thousands of lynchings in our own country! Hysterical mobs indulging in the most horrifying cruelties . . . searing the breasts of their victims with red-hot irons . . . burning them alive at the stake after pouring gasoline over them.

The Spanish Inquisition was mild compared to the infamous cruelties of which our own people have been guilty. There is nothing too horrifying for such a horde of maniacs to commit.

We tasted the fruits of the beginning of a lawless period that was fast leading us toward revolution during the latter part of the prohibition fiasco. We tasted also at that time the extraordinary difficulties that must be overcome when we endeavor to annul federal enactments.

State laws have to withstand comparison with similar laws of other states, but federal legislation is maintained for years after it has been proven disastrous.

Many of our officials have neglected their plain duties . . . have even ignored their oath of office . . . and the serious-minded citizens of this country, knowing the dangers we now face, should use their combined forces to compel officials to assume their sworn obligations.

Bernarr Macfadden

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Whitewashed Lady

BY DOROTHY SPEARE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLES LA SALLE

PART ONE—VENUS TO THE RESCUE

READING TIME ● 25 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

SHE sat alone on a rock out from the shore of a Florida key—a girl so beautiful that it was hard to imagine how she could ever be alone anywhere, least of all in a forest of marshes and mangroves with no sign of human habitation as far as the eye could see.

To be sure, there was the small sailboat which for the past half hour had remained stationary on the rim of her regard, almost a mile out to sea. She had not noticed it when the launch from the Diana first left her here. She was beginning to wonder about it now, although she felt that she was playing truant from her own problems by doing so. She had come out here for a congenial solitary place away from the yacht where she could think, and she was so little used to thinking that it depressed her almost as much as her troubles did; and a sailboat out at sea, or a heron flying overhead, was an escape to which her mind flew all too readily.

She sat in a collapsed huddle that made her body look smaller than it was. In reality her breasts and thighs were round and deep, and she was saved from a massive Greek-goddess appearance only by the delicacy of her long arms and legs. She was all golden—golden hair dripping over the bathing suit that matched the even tan on her body; golden freckles on her arms, but only two on her lovely straight nose; and large amber eyes that stared determinedly past the sailboat, which seemed at the moment to be running up a flag. Only an hour more before the launch would come back to get her. Only an hour to decide what she could do about Guido in a way that would not upset her father.

Or had Guido lied in telling her what the doctor had said about no sudden shocks? Had Guido lied in telling her there was anything the matter with her father at all? For of course, he had said, we mustn't let Dan know that heart of his is a death sentence. That meant she couldn't tell Dan how Guido had been making up to her, and couldn't ask him why they had to have Guido around the yacht all the time anyway.

Pray God Guido had lied. She must get to Miami today and see that doctor and find out. That was certainly a bad spell Dan had last night. If Guido hadn't lied—what was she going to do?

Staring emptily at the sailboat again, she saw they had run up a flag. It was the American flag and it was upside down. Either the crew of the small boat had gone suddenly crazy or they were signaling distress and need for immediate aid.

Need for immediate aid, with no possible ship down here in the keys save for the chance of a stray fishing boat

and the Diana, which was moored well over a mile away.

She stared again at the flag and got up. She said aloud, "Sharks, mind your own business," and dived in.

She was a good swimmer, but she was scared of sharks, so her breath didn't hold steadily. But she got her second wind as she reached the boat and a youth with a nice face pulled her over the gunwale and plopped her into the lap of a small slick-looking girl who said, "What a lot of help *this'll* be!" in a sour voice.

"You'd be surprised," she said, picking herself up and shaking herself like a big golden dog.

"Just one more mouth to feed," said the small girl. "We're marooned here. Something's happened to our engine, and our skipper cut himself tinkering with it and passed out on us, so—"

Gasping and blowing, opening and shutting her eyes fast against the black needles that were stabbing at them, the girl finally was able to see the prostrate body of a man slumped in the cockpit. She ran to him and pulled off the soggy red bandage on his wrist. "What you trying to do—let the poor guy bleed to death?" she snapped. "Get me a good tough cloth!"

The youth and the small girl goggled. There were no cloths in sight, tough or otherwise. Nothing but the blue shorts and halter the small girl was wearing and the brown trunks on the nice-faced youth. With her free hand the newcomer beckoned savagely to the youth while she kept the first and second fingers of her other hand pressed against the opened vein on the skipper's wrist. "Tear off my suit around the middle," she snapped, "and do it damn quick!"

"Well, really, Brad," said the small girl. But Brad obeyed. The girl seized the arrived-at rag and wound it around that steadily flowing wrist in a stiff expert bandage while she asked her dumfounded audience if they had anything to drink.

There was a luxurious picnic hamper in the stern of the little boat. The small girl brought a finger of whisky in a tin drinking cup. "Afraid that's all we have left," she confessed. The girl grabbed it out of her hand and forced it into the unconscious man's sagging mouth. A little color came into his cheeks and his eyes flickered open. The girl grinned reassuringly at him. "Hi, Joe!" she said.

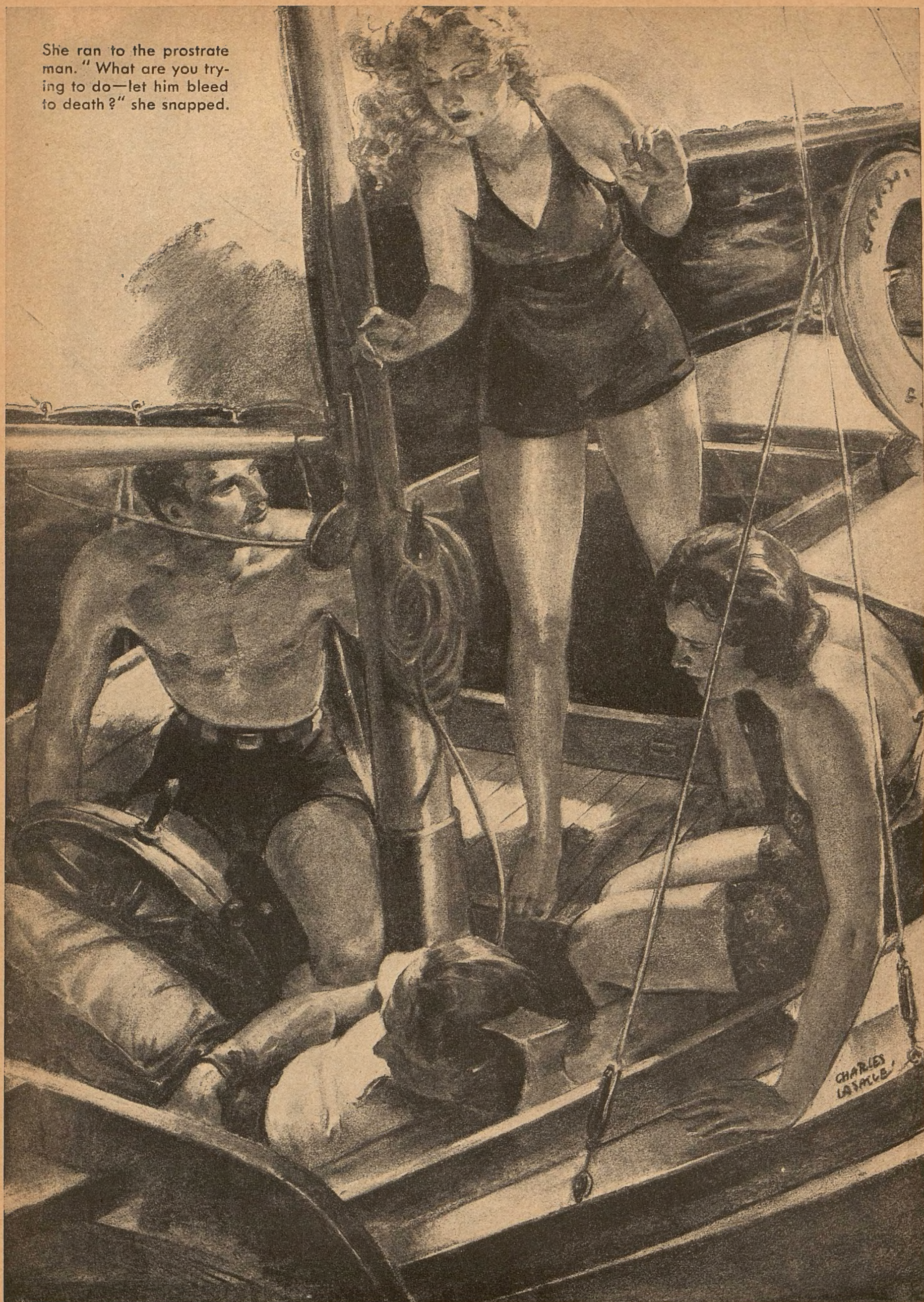
"His name," said the small girl, "is Alfred Doolittle."

Hi Joe tried to get up and slumped back into Brad's arms. "He'll have to lay flat," said the girl, "until we get him another drink. Now, what's the matter with your engine?"

She got down on her knees in front of it, hitching up that suit which had nothing to hold it in around the waist any more. Angie, who was engaged to Brad, went aft and tried not to look at Brad looking at the girl. This amazing creature who had erupted into their predicament like Venus rising from the foam with a few energetic curses, was the strangest combination she had ever seen. Venus in slang. Venus looking up at them from the engine with a laugh which would have been loud and

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She ran to the prostrate man. "What are you trying to do—let him bleed to death?" she snapped.



vulgar from any one else, but which from her seemed as natural as those two freckles on her nose.

"Say," she boomed, "what's the matter with you two mugs? Only thing wrong here is a loose wire!"

With a greasy hand she jammed something down into the engine and it started to purr. Brad was looking extremely sheepish. "I hate machinery," he said; "that's why we had the skipper to fish with us. When he got a shock from the engine and cut his fool self, I thought if he couldn't start it, there was no use for me to try."

The girl had gone to the wheel. "Listen," she said. "I'm taking you to my father's yacht. It's moored only a little ways from here. We got to give Joe another drink and a decent bandage and get a tow for you back to Miami. My father," she added, as if this explained everything, "is Dan Kildare."

"I—you see, we are only visiting in Miami Beach for a couple of weeks," said Angie delicately. "So we—we wouldn't know who Dan Kildare was—exactly."

"I thought everybody knew about father," said Dan Kildare's daughter. "Everybody all over the world where we go in the yacht."

"You mean," said Angie, "that you practically live on this yacht?"

"Always have."

Angie continued to stare. "Always? Never been to school or—or come out or anything?"

"A governess sailed with us when I was little. Still, I don't guess I know much about the things you learn in school. Father says they're not important." She looked at Brad and grinned. "Are they?" she said. "When you say 'I hate machinery,' do you mean you really know lots of other things that are more important?"

"It didn't seem so there for a while," said Brad, grinning back at her. "All the money my father spent getting me some social grace would have been pretty well wasted if you hadn't come along just when you did."

"So you've got social grace, have you?" said the girl, inspecting him with new interest. "I've read about it in books, but not to know it when I saw it."

BRAD and Angie laughed before perceiving that she was serious. Brad said, "You're not seeing it now either. This is hardly my ideal setting. But I can at least steer, if you'd only give me the wheel."

"But I know where the Diana is and you don't," the girl said, leaning sideways on the wheel, her hair flaring up in the wind like the crest of a golden cockatoo. She hoped, she added, that the crew of the Diana would have finished cleaning ship. "My father gives parties on board every night, see," she explained, "so there's always a lot of work to be done in the morning."

"Parties every night down here in Card Sound!" Angie drawled. "Who comes—a couple of alligators and lighthouse-keepers' wives?"

"A seaplane leaves Miami Beach for the Diana most every night," Diana said, "and speedboats too." She looked at them uncertainly. "You think I'm nuts, don't you?" She grinned. "Well, you two seem kind of nuts to me, too. So I guess that squares us, huh?"

They all began to laugh on that. The boat went past the rock where the girl had sighted their distress signal and found a narrow inlet. Then she looked at them again and said, "My name's Diana. I like you two."

"Our names are Brad and Angie," said Angie, "and we like you too, Diana."

"You're different from any one I ever saw before," said Diana.

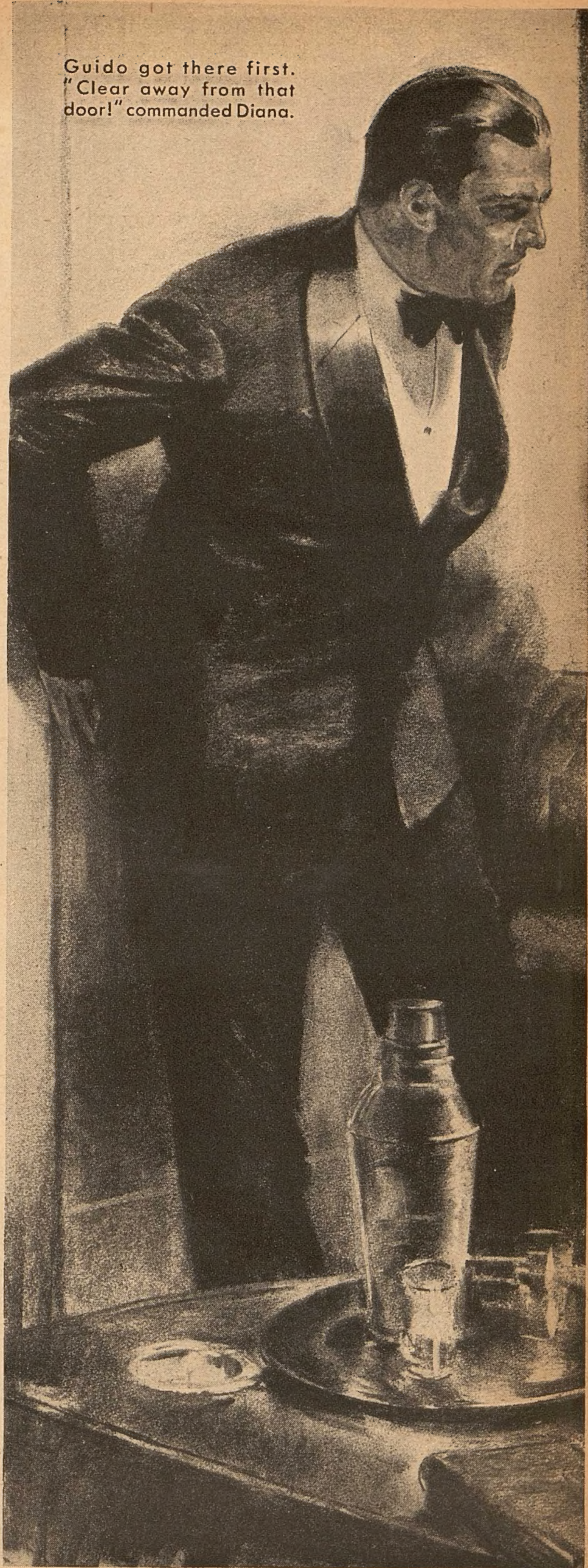
"What a coincidence!" said Brad. "That's just what we were thinking about you."

"Now you're kidding again," she said. "You always kid, don't you? I do too, but in a different way. Kind of private. Like back there when I went in off the rock to swim out to you, I told the sharks to stick to their own knitting for a while."

They were silent, gaping at her. Until now they had not realized what a long way she had swum, nor what a risk she had taken. But she was speaking again.

"I guess," she said slowly, "it's all been private kidding because you two are the first people of my age I've ever been alone with—in my life."

Guido got there first.
"Clear away from that door!" commanded Diana.





"Well, that would—have something to do with it—Diana," said Angie feebly. "But with those parties of your father's, don't you ever see young people?"

"His friends aren't young," she said. "Not like you. There's something about you two—" She hesitated. "Well, I think it must be that social grace Brad kidded about. Something that helps you to get away with it and not seem like two fools. Even after being as dumb as you were to get into such a jam as you did."

They gave up now and laughed until the tears came.

"You're right, Diana," Angie gasped; "I think you've jelled a perfect definition of social grace: Something that helps people to get away with being dumb!"

The entrance to the small harbor opened abruptly and the yacht swam up in front of their eyes like a swan spreading its wings in the blue lagoon.

"Rats! There's the owner-ashore flag!" Diana said. "But maybe Dan'll be back before you leave."

Two sailors had come down the gangway and stood on the grating with boathooks, looking like something out of Gilbert and Sullivan. The ship was spotless white except for a gold band on her stack. A snow-white awning with gold tassels stretched over the afterdeck.

The sailors escorted Hi Joe up the gangway. The marveling eyes of Brad and Angie went past them to the man who stepped quietly out of the main companionway to confront them as they reached the quarterdeck, a man who seemed to take up so much space that they could hardly see the other man behind him.

HE was handsome and his black eyes bore a perpetual expression of surprise. He was heavy-set, in his late thirties, with a fleshy face and sleek black hair which had a silver streak running through the middle parting as if a bullet had plowed it. He wore a pearl-gray suit with fawn spats and a fawn waistcoat, and with one of his hands, which were unexpectedly brown and sinewy, like a laborer's, he was fiddling with a great ruby watch charm carved in the shape of a lion's head which hung from the slender platinum chain that stretched across his waistcoat. He jiggled the ruby and looked at Brad and Angie and turned to Diana. On seeing him, all the animation had died out of her face.

He looked at her in a way that made all three remember something they had forgotten—Diana's torn bathing suit, which, above the waist, showed so many more inches of skin than the lack of covering on Angie's peaky body.

Diana grew white, not red. But she stood her ground and spoke to him in a level voice. "Guido," she said, "these are some new friends of mine, and one's cut his wrist. Brad, Angie, Joe, this is my father's business manager, Guido Ferrone; and the man behind is Reg Van Tuyl. Guido, will you let us get by? Joe needs a drink."

The man Ferrone merely looked at Diana and said, "Does your father know these people?"

"Don't be trivial, Guido," said the other man, stepping forward. "Dan would be delighted."

This man had charm, although his eyes were pushed up into slits by the pouches underneath them and his hair and his rakish mustachios were gray. He smiled at Angie and said, "You're Angie Dunster. Your mother would remember me—reluctantly, but then . . ."

"Why—why, yes," Angie stammered. "Olivette Van Tuyl was one of mother's bridesmaids. You're her brother."

Reg Van Tuyl, the black sheep of the New York Van Tuyls, who had run through several fortunes in the tabloids by means of his colorful fondness for horses and beautiful women. Angie stared at him. He was telling Ferrone that "Dan would be delighted to meet these young people if he were here."

"But he ain't here," said Ferrone. "They'll have to go, and come back when he is."

"There's a guy here needs some first aid and a drink," Diana said. "I don't suppose you mean he can come back for that when Dan's here?"

Ferrone inclined his head to one of the sailors. "Take him down and fix him up," he said. "We wait here."

In the pause after Hi Joe's exit Brad lit a cigarette and remarked, "Now is the time for that social grace of mine to rear its pretty little head. . . . Do have a seat,

won't you?" This last politely to Ferrone while pointing to the chairs under the awning.

Giggling nervously, Angie marched to the afterdeck. Diana laughed suddenly in a relieved big-throated bay and followed with Reg Van Tuyl, who smothered a smile. Ferrone came along with Brad perforce, his face set. When Brad had his party marshaled into the white wicker chairs he passed the mangy cigarette case, which he kept in a pocket of his shorts, to Ferrone, and inquired in a tone of courteous interest:

"Have you read any good books lately?"

Every one had to let go and laugh. Even Ferrone gave a short reluctant bark. "Listen, smart fellow," he said slowly. "I don't have to read books to know what it's all about. And you do. That's the difference between us."

"I'm glad you explained," said Brad. "I knew there was something I couldn't just put my finger on." He turned to Diana. "This gentleman is not your guardian even if he is your father's business manager, is he? You don't have to ask him if you can come to tea with us this afternoon at the Indian Creek Club?"

"No," said Diana, "I don't have to ask him."

"Even if you did," said Brad, "I'm sure he'd be charmed, because nothing could be more proper. We're meeting our mothers there, for one thing; and if he doesn't believe that, he can come along and meet them too."

But Diana was alone, Guido having refused the cordial invitation, when she arrived at the exclusive Indian Creek Club that was like a great white palace.

In her travels she had seen and been a part of many gorgeous occasions. But nothing had ever approached this in excitement or, she felt, momentousness. A new life seemed to be opening up for her with the approach to this palace on the crest of an island set in Miami Bay, a life where one didn't have to kid privately.

This must be what all the books said it was like to be young. Why, she thought, I've never been young! And I'm nineteen years old.

The bronze shoes with the real diamond buckles were wings carrying her over the deep hall carpet. People were looking at her, but she was used to that. She knew quite well, for Dan and other men had told her often, that she was very beautiful.

She stepped forward to an entrance which looked down upon a row of graduated terraces with tables. At the bottom was a great swimming pool, and beyond, the blue of the bay, which was now beginning to deepen in the twilight. She felt faint with stage fright.

Brad had expressly invited Diana for a half hour later than the time the mothers were to meet them, in order that he might pave the way. Mrs. Dunster and Mrs. Hallowell, however, had taken fright at the barest outlines of the morning's adventure.

REALLY, Brad, it sounds very strange to me. I don't know any New York Kildares."

"Don't you think it might be a little refreshing, mother," said Angie, "to meet somebody sometime that you didn't know?"

She herself wouldn't have asked Diana, but she was not going to let Brad down. Her remark, however, passed over both ladies' heads: together they sat, trying to run to earth some possible Kildares in Philadelphia or even Boston, while Brad watched the entrances and Angie began to scowl because Mrs. de Peyster, one of the crashing bores whom her mother could look up successfully in the Social Register, was bearing down upon them.

Mrs. de Peyster looked like an inquisitive hound, while the other two ladies looked more like satisfied sheep. Brad was even less pleased to see her than Angie, but got up with a small emergency ration of his social grace, which he interrupted to exclaim triumphantly, "Oh, there she is! There's Diana Kildare!"

"Dear me, so it is," said Mrs. de Peyster.

The faces at the table turned to her in surprise before

they turned back to the end of the terrace above them.

Diana wore a bright green dress decorated with gold in a fantastic Egyptian design. Diamonds glared from her arms and throat. Under her high black hat that trailed paradises her face alone remained the same, making her look like a little girl masquerading as a fancy lady.

"I was in Venice when that duel was fought over her in the Grand Canal," said Mrs. de Peyster. "Gondolas at a hundred paces, you know; a perfect disgrace, with that Italian marchese and Austrian count both old enough to be her father! I saw the whole thing because I happened to be coming from Dan Kildare's yacht that morning at dawn myself. Quite the amusing thing to go on his yacht, you know, but too bad for that girl!"

"Henrika," said Angie's mother majestically, "what are you talking about? That is Angie's and Brad's friend!"

"Their friend," champed Henrika de Peyster, "and you don't know she's the daughter of Dan Kildare, the gambler? Why, he's almost as well known as Al Capone! Of course, mostly in Europe, I suppose, and taking that child everywhere with him on that yacht! Bringing her up with dice and roulette and cards. 'Decoy Duck Diana,' that's what they called her along the Lido. Because she was the attraction to lure big prospects aboard to play, and heaven knows how far that went!"



DOROTHY
SPEARE

wrote a novel in 1922, then studied voice abroad and made her operatic debut. During her singing career, she produced three novels and a play, later screened as One Night of Love. A Hollywood writing contract followed, then marriage, and now more novels.

DIANA had seen them, with a quick grin and a broad wave of her hand. She had one of her father's gifts: she never forgot a name or a face or their associations. She saw a woman get up and start to leave the table she was approaching, and she smiled at once and put out her hand. "Hi, Mrs. de Peyster," she said. "I met you in Venice, remember? On Dan Kildare's yacht."

The woman surveyed her through a spiritual lorgnette. "One hardly remembers all the people one meets on Dan Kildare's yacht, does one?" she murmured, and swept past.

Diana stood blinking for an instant before she took it in. She became aware that the glances leveled upon her from the near-by tables were not so friendly as she had supposed; that the faces of Brad and Angie looming up as she approached them and said, "Hi!" in a failing voice were wan and self-conscious. That the faces of the two older women who sat with Brad and Angie were somehow folded, closed away against her, while Brad got up with an overemphatic greeting and Angie feebly introduced her to "our mothers, Mrs. Dunster and Mrs. Hallowell." She stood motionless, chin up, ignoring the chair Brad pulled out for her.

"Angie and I were just saying, Diana," Brad said in an unnaturally cheery voice, "how sorry we were not to meet your father. We hope we can meet him soon."

"He does too," Diana said. "He told me to ask you to come aboard tonight." Slowly she turned to meet the stone-wall gaze of the two older women. "He wanted me to ask you too, Mrs. Dunster and Mrs. Hallowell."

"Thank you, Miss Kildare," said Mrs. Dunster in a deadly polite voice, "but I'm afraid that such simple people as we are would be quite out of place on your father's yacht. In any case I have made other plans for Angie."

Diana turned blindly. But Brad, stepping forward, touched her arm. "Diana," he said, "Mrs. Dunster didn't include me in her plans for this evening."

She smiled at him with tight lips and shook her head. "No good, Brad," she said. "Thanks just the same—Good-by, Angie—good-by!"

She had to keep walking past those tables, past all these staring people. How long had this been going on? How long had people been laughing at her, instead of being, as her father had often so proudly declared, struck dumb by her beauty? She blundered out of the nearest exit. Her father had taught her never to cry. Think what you're going to do about it instead, he'd told her. But he had told her wrong about so many things, it seemed.

Somebody was speaking behind her. She dropped her hands from her face and turned. A slender woman with red hair and a white dress swam toward her through the twilight. She began to speak while her long fingers twisted around her stylishly enormous flat white handbag, and Diana noticed sadly that she wore only one ring.

"Miss Kildare. This is frightfully nosy of me, I know. But I saw what happened in there, and I thought—You met me recently one evening on your father's yacht, you see. I'm Mrs. Steven Norton."

"Sure," said Diana. "I remember you, Mrs. Norton." And waited, bracing herself for some new blow. Mrs. Norton spoke again in her high-pitched voice that was like a ghost of something that had once been very gay:

"This is nosy of me. But you see—what just happened to you in there—that's happened to me too. Only it's been happening a lot longer—so by now I cut people first when I'm not sure of them."

"You, Mrs. Norton!" Diana was surprised out of her wary silence. She recalled that in every picture she had ever seen of Mrs. Norton in the newspapers there had been a different young man at her side. A man who varied in face but not in quality, being always very attractive and a great deal younger than his companion.

"Terribly melodramatic and all that, for me to dash out here after you," Mrs. Norton murmured; "like the fallen woman in a play warning the young girl not to slip. But it really seemed a bit thick, your having to be in the same spot—just because you're somebody's daughter. So different, don't you see, if you'd closed your own doors behind you—as I have. . . . But when I saw you on the yacht I wondered if you knew where you were heading; and today I saw you hadn't known."

"What's wrong about father?" cried Diana. "His tables are honest and he's got more charm than any one in the world. And he was never mean in his life!"

"I'm sure he is not mean," said Mrs. Norton. "I'm sure he'd let you go away and start a life separate from his, if you only asked him. Frightfully cheeky, I know, making such a suggestion. But—well, I have children your age I don't ever see any more—I suppose that's why I— Forgive and forget, will you, my dear?"

She moved away, but came back to say with an air of arch secrecy, "If you should meet me around don't ever mention what I just told you about my dear little toddlers being your age, will you?"

A young man with fair wavy hair and a querulous mouth stuck them both out of the door. "I say, Betty!" he moaned. "We're missing some brisk swing!"

"Coming, darling, coming!" caroled Betty Norton.

GUIDO sent a sailor to Diana's cabin twice before she finally came down to dinner. Tonight there were only Guido and Solly Lee, the steward, who put down his cocktail tray in answer to a scowl from Guido, and fled.

"Where's Dan?" she said.

Diana had left off all her jewelry except for one big emerald ring. She wore a dress Guido had never seen before but which he suspected of being the white under-slip of an evening gown, clasped around the waist with a gold belt. Her face was shockingly, to him, devoid of make-up, and her hair drawn severely back to her ears into a knot. He almost told her that she would never get him while she looked like that. However, the slip tightened over her breasts as she sat down at the table, and she glanced up at him with a sudden sullen motion of her eyes without moving her face, and he had to take a couple of breaths before speaking.

"Dan isn't back from Miami," he said then. "What's the idea of the getup?"

"None of your business."

"It might be my business," he said, "not to want you to look like a fool for the crowd tonight."

"It'll be the first time I haven't looked like a fool," she said. "And I never knew it. . . ."

There was a pause while he thought this over.

"When's Dan coming back?" she asked.

"Oh, any minute now."

"Why doesn't Solly bring the dinner?"

"Solly will bring the dinner," said Guido, "when I tell him to. Solly knows something you don't, and Dan knows

it too, and it's time you did. And I made up my mind to tell you when you tried to bring those swells aboard."

Guido was jiggling his ruby. He said, in that thick slurring voice of his, "Think this is your father's ship, don't you? Well, it isn't. It's owned by a pool of Wall Street operators and Dan is just the front. The way he's brought you up, thinking you were the princess of this ship, is as phony as the ice he's given you for diamonds. Sure, all your jewelry's fake too. If you don't believe me, take it to any store and ask."

Diana stared. "You're lying," she whispered.

"You've never yet caught me on a lie," said Guido, "and you never will. It was Dan told you I was his business manager. I didn't. I'm his manager only like this—that I own more stock in that pool than all the rest of those Wall Street guys put together. I wanted to watch my investment, that's why I been around for the past six months. That and other things."

He was all spread out now over the table, looking at her the way he looked just before he raked in his chips. He waited a minute and then said, "So when you stand up to me the way you been doing lately, I shouldn't say you was exactly right."

SHE got up. "I'm going on deck," she said, "to watch for Dan. I don't want any dinner."

"I wouldn't pull a scene on Dan if I were you," he said. "It wouldn't do him any good right now to have a shock like that. And if anything should happen to Dan—you'd be in kind of a tough spot, don't you think?"

"Don't worry!" she cried. "I'm not going to talk to Dan about you! I'm going to ask him to send me away for a while, that's all! I'm going to ask him to send me to a girls' school where I can learn to dress and act like other girls my age, instead of being a floozy freak! Where I can have fun with girls and boys like Brad and Angie, instead of having to take it from mugs like you!"

As he got up and came over to her she turned and made for the door. He got there first and stood against it.

"Clear away from that door!" She swung out her arm to push him aside. He seized it with one of his sinewy hands and put his other arm around her. He drew her to him and put his mouth down on hers, not hard, but holding it there. After a little he let her go, and said mildly into the silence around them, "That wasn't so bad, was it?" And let her pass grandly as if he thought he had gained a point and could afford to sit back.

Trembling, she wiped her mouth with her fingers. "The first man ever kissed me—" she gasped; "and it had to be you!"

She ran up on the deck, panting wildly. But the ship's floodlights were on, shining into the little harbor, and Jack and Mel, two of the sailors, were standing on the quarterdeck looking up. In the dark sky above them three lights were circling. She almost sobbed with relief. Dan had come back miraculously at the moment when she most needed him. Everything would be all right now.

The floods went off and Mel and Jack got into the launch at the boat boom. She wanted to go with them to meet him, but she needed the extra minute to calm down. Dan mustn't see her like this. She was all right by the time she heard the launch start back. She ran to the gangway and saw two men getting out. One was Reg Van Tuyl. The other she had never seen before.

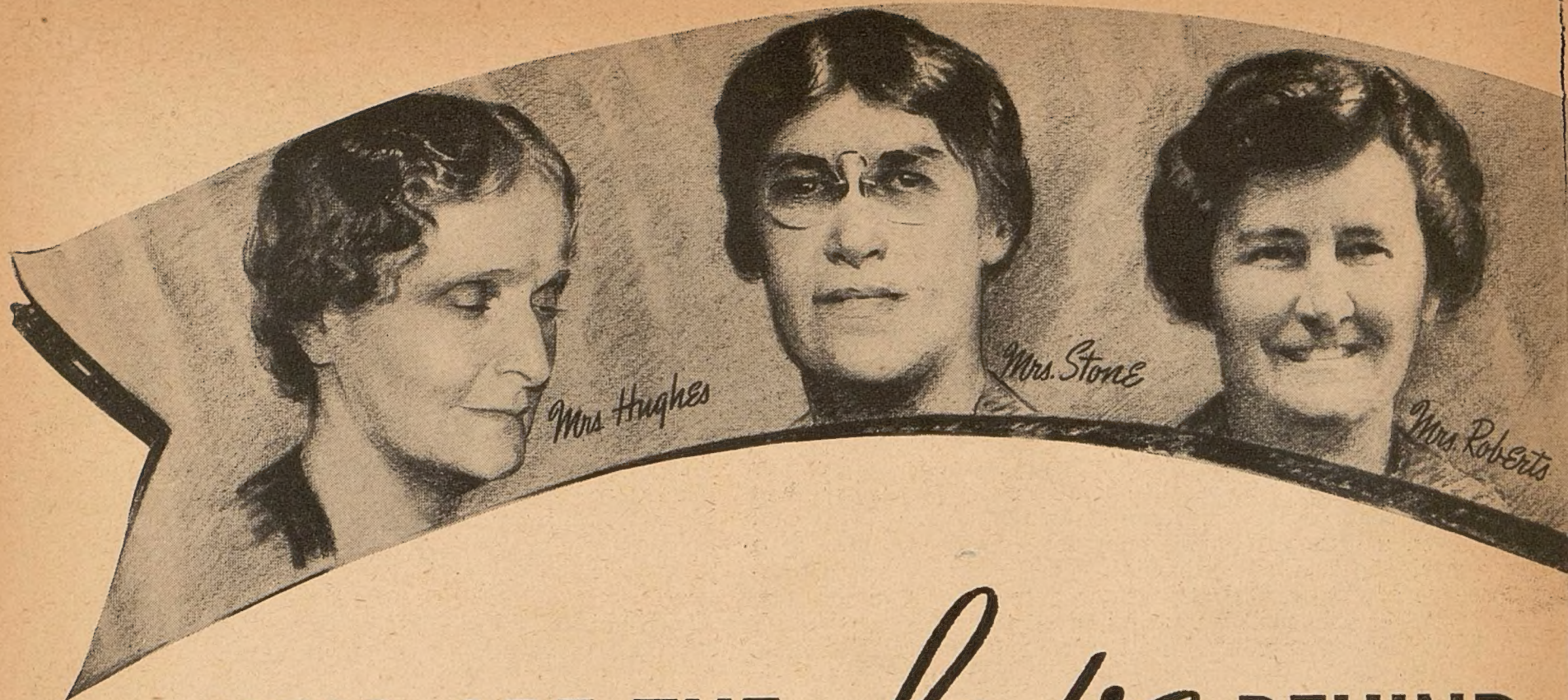
She began to feel cold. She stood there, not moving, as Reg and the strange man came up the gangway.

"Diana," said Reg, "you've got to be a brave girl now."

"Something has happened to your father," said the strange man.

She knew then, before Reg took her by the shoulders as if he thought she'd fall. She knew that Dan was never coming now, and she stood straight, letting them tell her, and remembering that she had forgotten to see that doctor, after all, today.

With Dan gone, can Diana escape from her old life? Can she realize her ambition to become something more than a gambler's decoy? Out of her desperation grows a plan. Will she be able to carry it out in spite of Guido's jealous love? Don't miss next week's installment, in which a girl's future hangs on the turn of a card.



WHO ARE THE *Ladies* BEHIND

THERE aren't nine ladies, really. At least, there aren't nine wives of nine old men on the Supreme Court bench. For Mr. Justice McReynolds and Mr. Justice Cardozo have never married, and Mr. Justice Van Devanter has been a widower since 1934.

It is a mistake to assume, however, that even Mr. Cardozo, who is generally conceded to be incurably celibate, is without feminine influence or guidance. It is difficult to tell which of two ladies is the indispensable carburetor that makes the Cardozo engine go: Miss Kate Tracy, the judge's housekeeper, who does not allow him to eat sweets; or Anna, the judge's old-time cook, who smuggles to her employer the sweets he so dearly loves.

To his sister Nellie, perhaps, rather than to either Miss Tracy or Anna, belongs the laurel wreath for being the good woman behind the great man that is Benjamin Cardozo. For it was she who, when their mother died, took over his existence and devoted her life to caring for her brilliant, gentle brother. During her last years Nellie Cardozo became bedridden. It was then Benjamin's turn to take care of her, and he did so to the exclusion of all other feminine society.

As for the other Supreme Court bachelor, "Old Mac," as he is known to his small circle of intimates, is quite the ladies' man of the Court. At seventy-five he is still, as one observer puts it, "given to brief periods of great devotion." For years Camilla Lippincott, one of the national capital's most beautiful widows, seemed to be the bright particular object of his attentions. More recently his name has been linked with that of Mrs. Jacob Leander Loose of the wealthy biscuit Looses.

It is, however, to the bud rather than to the blossom that James Clark McReynolds is most regularly attentive. He began squiring District of Columbia debutantes back in 1903. He is still serving his famous Sunday-morning breakfasts of griddle cakes and sausages to debs and subdebs of granddaughter age. With these young people the sardonic old man is exceedingly popular.

Whether gentle Willis Van Devanter ever needed to be softened by feminine companionship, I don't know; but certainly the memory of Dollie Van Devanter's devotion remains a convincing example of the major role that a woman may play in a Supreme Court justice's life.

For more than half a century prior to 1934 she and Willis Van Devanter had been inseparable. Childhood sweethearts, they married while he was a young practicing attorney in Marion, Indiana.

Traditionally, the justices and their families have

eschewed the general run of social gatherings. The Van Devanthers, sticklers for tradition in social as well as legal matters, held strictly to this practice. But the very isolation of their lives drew them more closely together as the Washington years rolled by. There could be no better evidence of the place that Dollie Van Devanter held in her husband's life than the way this stricken old man now goes about the routine of his lonely existence.

Mrs. Hughes, unlike Mrs. Van Devanter and most of the other ladies of the Supreme Court, is first of all, in her quiet way, a woman of the world.

Some one has said that she is "like a Sunday afternoon—quiet, peaceful, serene." But there is more than serenity in her smoothly chiseled features.

Antoinette Hughes was the boss's daughter. Her father, Judge Carter, was head man in the Manhattan law firm of Carter and Hornblower, later Carter, Hughes and Cravath. Charles Evans Hughes was an industrious clerk in the first firm, a valued partner in the second.

As the daughter of her father, she was born to wealth and social position. As the wife of her husband, she early learned how to treat politicians like regular people, and to preside with grace and charm in the exacting ceremonies of Washington's official life. Also—and even more important—she learned to bring into the life of a husband inclined too much to grim austerity the warmth of a happy, children-filled home.

In many of her characteristics, Mrs. Hughes is surprisingly like her husband—and as it happens, in most of her characteristics, another Supreme Court wife, Mrs. Brandeis, is surprisingly like hers. Both Louis and Alice Brandeis have a strong sense of their libertarian heritage and obligations. Both prefer to live simply. The net result is that the Brandeises, in good times and bad—and they have had plenty of both—have been as one.

Mrs. Brandeis, a handsome arresting person with great black eyes and snow-white hair and the complexion and carriage of a girl of twenty-five, is not the social figure

**Here they are—the only Americans
who can—without scandal—influence
the Justices of the Supreme Court!**

By **FREDERICK L. COLLINS**



THE NINE OLD MEN?

READING TIME • 8 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

that Mrs. Hughes is. But she maintains within her modest home something that is as close to a salon as modern Washington can boast. She doesn't hunt lions. The lions hunt her and her brilliant husband.

The austerity of the Brandeis household is entirely voluntary. For in spite of his devotion to the cause of the downtrodden, Mr. Brandeis's eminence as a lawyer had brought him a fortune—some say over \$2,000,000—prior to his coming to the high court bench. This fortune Mr. and Mrs. Brandeis have given away, along with a considerable fraction of the justice's current salary.

Mrs. Sutherland, on the other hand, is not consciously austere. She does live simply, for the judge's salary must cover the needs of a half dozen relatives and their own needs as well. Her Washington household is the least socially conspicuous of the Supreme Court group.

The Sutherlands, by their devotion to a single standard of domesticity, have really played a joke on heredity. For George Sutherland's father was a Mormon. Little George was raised in the Mormon tradition, but when it comes to wives, all Washington knows that there is only one in the world for him.

A short plumpish gentle woman, Rosamond Lee Sutherland is not the type that one finds at cocktail time in fashionable drawing rooms. Yet, since 1905, first as wife of a United States Senator from Utah and later as wife of an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, she has held her modest place in Washington society while many a flashy notable has come and gone.

IN contrast to the Sutherlands, the Pierce Butlers are the most persistent diners-out in the Supreme Court set. This fact is due, however, chiefly to the fact that Justice Butler is one of the most important Catholic laymen in the United States, and is called upon to discharge the social responsibilities of that position as well as those of a member of the high court. It certainly is not due to any social ambitions cherished by the busy motherly woman who shares his life.

When Annie Cronin married the burly young St. Paul lawyer, she doubtless never expected a career as a Washington hostess. In fact there is every reason to believe that she and her husband were as surprised as the rest of the country when Warren Harding suddenly decided to elevate them to their present lofty pinnacle.

Today, however, Annie Butler finds herself not only a Supreme Court wife but the wealthiest and most prolific of the lot. The riches she most values in this world—and

her husband shares her opinion—are daughters Margaret and Anne, and sons Pierce, Jr., Leo, Francis, William, and Kevin. To them and to their father and to the Church into which they were born she has devoted her life.

Jolly, friendly Mrs. Stone is by nature more socially inclined than Mrs. Butler or—with the possible exception of Mrs. Roberts—any of the other ladies of the Supreme Court. Both she and the justice are patrons of the Washington Orchestra, and seldom miss a concert by itinerant artists. She putters around, too, with paints and canvases in her attic studio. As a result of these twin interests, music and painting, Mrs. Stone's "Monday afternoons" are thronged with long-haired brush-wielding and fiddle-playing Bohemians, who contrast vividly with the dignitaries and wives of dignitaries who make the usual solemn Monday rounds.

Harlan and Agnes Stone are especially blessed in that they laugh at the same things. But it is in their pride in their two sons that they find their closest communion. Lauson is now a practicing and promising lawyer. Marshall is a professor of mathematics at Harvard.

Mrs. Roberts has no sons, but she has a painter-daughter, Elizabeth, who celebrated her father's scathing denunciation of the New Deal's triple-A agricultural program by winning a prize with a canvas labeled "Vegetables." She also has a husband who is one of the most interesting men in all Washington. But Mrs. Roberts does not shine only in the reflected light of her daughter and husband. She herself is an outstanding personality.

Youngest, handsomest, and indubitably breeziest of the Supreme Court wives, there are times, one suspects—when, for instance, she has expressed a vigorous anti-New Deal opinion in her sprightliest and most arresting language—that even her big admiring husband shares the feeling of some in Washington that she is the right girl in the wrong place.

No one knows what Mrs. Roberts is going to say next—and this delightful uncertainty adds a piquancy to social gatherings. As a result, no one is in greater demand as dinner-table or tea-table companion than Elizabeth Roberts. But she has a serious side, too, and an influence which must not be underestimated.

So there you have them, the ladies of the Supreme Court: Mrs. Hughes, the most queenly; Mrs. Brandeis, the most inspiring; Mrs. Sutherland, the most retiring; Mrs. Butler, the most motherly; Mrs. Stone, the most companionable; and Mrs. Roberts, the most fun!

THE END

UNDRESS PARADE

READING TIME • 8 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

TIME was when the burlesque show was patronized only by men; and the strip-tease girls were merely a part of the show.

The theaters were usually dingy, ill-lighted, smelly little places. You could smoke, if you liked, and spit on the floor, and stick your feet out into the aisles.

The jokes were as broad as the girls in the chorus. The fun was of the rough-and-tumble variety. The rougher it was, the sooner the audience tumbled.

Burlesque was the poor man's show, the vaudeville of the vulgar, the prime entertainment of the sailor, the drifter, the panhandler, and the bum.

There were plenty of strippers in every burlesque show in those days. Out they'd stalk and pull off a wrap; and back they'd stalk and pull off another. Applause. Shouts. Great, genuine, whole-bodied laughter. Catcalls. Whistles.

These girls weren't artists; didn't pretend to be artists. They were just making a living. They were anonymous. Their future was as bare as their present.

I know men in their fifties and sixties who recall these days with sad smiles on their faces; nostalgia and humor and a sort of irreverent reverence in their eyes.

"Burlesque," one says. "Ah! You should have seen the burley-cue shows of thirty years ago! The days of Dolaldina, and the Watson sisters, and Al Reeves, and Snuffy the Cabman. Yes, and there were lots of others in burlesque who are great names today. Leon Errol and Fanny Brice and Lew Fields, and—oh, hundreds of others.

"What days! What funny people! Sliding Billy Watson! And Charmion!

"You wouldn't remember Charmion. You're too young. The most famous strip-tease of them all, though the term hadn't then been coined. She used to sit on a trapeze and swing over the bald heads and drop intimate bits of her clothing into the audience.

"Charmion! And after her, Dainty Marie, who made her entrance dressed as a modest Quakeress—the star of the Polite Varieties, if I remember right. She danced. And the gray clothes fell from her."

Time was—but it is going or has gone. Burlesque has been to a finishing school and acquired culture. It still clings to the slapstick and the bawdiness that whelped it. But its technique has changed. There's subtlety now, and cushioned seats, and high-brows mingling with hoi polloi in the audience. And there are women "out front." Lots of them.

And there is art! It's a new art, the press agents say—the art of undressing in public.

Women have disrobed themselves through the ages. Think of Eve. Think how Susanna, bathing in her garden, attracted the elders. Bathsheba, washing her fair body, was surprised by King David. Salome, the daughter of Herodias, danced the dance of the seven veils. Godiva, clad only in her hair, rode through the streets of Coventry.

History is clothed with women who have undressed. So, for that matter, are the bathing beaches and the boxes

at the Opera. The strip-tease, like the poor, we have always had with us, and always shall.

And yet they tell us it is the newest of the arts. A slim young girl comes out upon the stage. A white-blue light shines softly on her. She walks to music, parading seductively. She pauses as she sheds each bit of silk and satin and lace. Sometimes the darling slips a pin. Sometimes she unsnaps a snap. Sometimes she unzips a zipper. She strips, and with each strip she poses.

Some dance as they undress. Some act demure and la-di-da. Some pretend they are shy. Some writhe. Each has her own peculiar style, her own "artistic" movements.

A woman undressing in public? Indeed not. This is art, the only 100-per-cent American art—the art that saved burlesque, and the show business in general, from the ruin it faced in the days that followed the crash.

The strip-tease girlie has become a star! Her name is in neon or electric lights. She commands a healthy salary. She gives interviews. She fascinates the scientific brain. She draws Society.

Recently, when there was agitation to bar foreign actors and actresses from the American theater, the barons of burlesque went to Congress to see that American girls were protected from foreign competition. Burlesque was ours, they pointed out, and the strip-tease art was wholly ours. It was American, and should be saved from European influence or contamination.

How this art has flourished of late years! Today there are thirteen burlesque "art galleries" in the City of New York, and innumerable smaller "stripping salons" in the night clubs.

The Minskys, who own or lease a number of strip-tease theaters, have established their own "university" in New York. Recently this institution held its "first commencement exercises," and invited hundreds of guests to meet the "class of 1937." Each graduate received her diploma and her degree of F. F. S.—meaning Full-Fledged Stripper. The event was held on March 12, which led some guests to call it "the hides of March."

There were eight graduates who peeled as one. Bernard Sobel, the Boswell of Ziegfeld and the scholarly chronicler of burlesque, was master of ceremonies. A degree "in absentia" was conferred, by acclamation, on Gypsy Rose Lee. It was accepted on Miss Lee's behalf by Gertrude Lawrence, who had come with her entire company.

Miss Lawrence was by no means the only woman among the guests. There were almost as many women as men. And in New York's thirteen strip palaces the afternoon audiences are twenty per cent feminine. And there are twice as many women at the evening shows—women as smartly dressed as those who visit the legitimate houses.

It was Gypsy Lee who started the strip-tease on its journey toward the stars. She put such personality into her work that the great Ziegfeld brought her uptown. There she unveiled herself for the carriage trade, and acquired a bank account. But she wasn't happy. She

BY IRENE KUHN

ILLUSTRATION BY ERVINE METZL

missed the lusty enthusiasm of the boys off the freighters and out of the tall trees and the hay, their shouts of encouragement, the eagerness with which they fought for the pins she threw as she withdrew them from her concealing wraps. She went back to Union Square.

The lads from Park Avenue missed her. Some of them followed her into "the slums." Some invited her to dinner, to week-end parties where they could show her off.

That was enough to put her in the headlines: "Strip-Tease Girl Becomes Society's Pet." The Shuberts cashed in on this publicity. They put Miss Lee in the new Follies, made her almost as big a star as Fanny Brice!

That was an inspiration to every other teaser in the business. Ambition seized them. They became conscious of technique. They practiced "art." Stripping spread like galloping influenza, and is still spreading.

Gypsy Rose made stripping what it is today. But she wasn't the first of the modern strippers. Variety, the Bible of the show business, claims that Ann Corio is burlesque's number one name and draw and the girl who started it all. She has a weekly income closer to \$2,000 than to \$1,000.

Miss Corio first bared her charms in 1930, in a theater on Second Avenue. From the moment she removed the first stitch, the theater made money.

She built up a trade in New York, and then went on a tour. She liked touring. So she stayed "in the sticks." She has a virtual monopoly on some towns. Not even a three-ring circus can compete with her.

There are many kinds of strippers. There are "bouncers" and "grinders" and "swingers" and "comics."

Perhaps the most popular "bouncer" is Evelyn Myers, a good-looking platinum blonde. The best "swing stripper" is undoubtedly Gladys Fox, who looks like Patsy Kelly of the movies. Miss Fox's pet trick is wagging a forefinger at the audience and getting her clothes off to four bars of music.

Queenie King is the stately type. You see her in a costume of flowered charmeuse satin with a long flowing skirt. She makes four turns around. Suddenly she zips

off the skirt and the top, and she's in a red bathing suit. Again she dances. And again she zips.

One of the oddest circumstances of current burlesque is that the general run of strippers are "nice kids," young girls who think you're prudish and indecent if you see lasciviousness in their art.

Undressing in public? Many of these girls never knew privacy of any kind. And their native modesty has been overcome without much difficulty by those who taught them that stripping is an art.

"Stripping is a definite art," each girl is told. "If a man who paints pictures of nude women is an artist, how much more artistic is the girl who exhibits her beauty artistically! Don't be afraid. The lights will protect you. A blue light shelters nudity, softens it, makes it more glamorous."

It's all so easy to believe—especially for \$150 or so a week.

And what is the future of the art? Who can say?

Already one temple has been built and dedicated to it in New York, a modern theater seating 1,400 people—tickets to the evening performance two dollars apiece.

Already American strip-tease artists have invaded Europe. Paris, Vienna, Budapest, Zurich, London—only it's a little different in London—have gone crazy over them. You know how London is, though—a little

cold, a trifle aloof, a bit set in the old traditions and somewhat reluctant to take up with the new. The girls have to tone down their art now in pre-coronation London, but they have hopes that in the not far distant future they can peel in peace and demonstrate their art in all its naked simplicity.

There are American girls stripping in northern African ports, in South American cities, in Havana, and in many other populous centers. There's a Chinese stripper in New York—little Amy Fong. She may be the missionary to set the Far East afire.

Well—a Gypsy Rose by any other name can shed her petals just as sweetly—and there's no law compelling you to watch her as she sheds.

THE END

This thing called strip-tease— is it art? . . . A sprightly survey of a national phenomenon





I WAS feeling pretty blue that afternoon, looking out of the train window at the rolling range country. Homesick, too. That was my country; I'd been brought up in it and had saddled over a lot of square miles of it in my time, punching cattle for my dad before he died and left me his debts.

That had been four years before. I'd sold the home ranch to pay off the debts and had gotten myself a job as criminal deputy sheriff in a Coast city. It had been interesting and exciting at first. But you can get awful tired of human rottenness, day in and day out.

Rottenness. Like my prisoner that sat opposite me there in the stateroom. A slack-lipped degenerate I was bringing back on an extradition from a town in the Middle West to face a charge of rape.

Rottenness. Like the kidnap-murder of the poor little Hickson boy only three months before. I had worked on that case, but we hadn't gotten anywhere with it.

Rottenness. . . .

Maybe Marian had been right about me after all.

"You're just an impractical fool," she had said. She was burned up because a lot of my old man's debts had outlawed and I didn't have to pay them, legally. I could have held on to the ranch if I'd half tried, she said.

But I hadn't been able to see it that way. . . .

Marian Bartlett and I had grown up together in the range country. She was daughter to old Bob Bartlett, who owned the Bar O and was pretty well off. Ever since we were kids we'd had the idea that some day we'd get married.

The thing that had broken us up was her idea that she had money enough for both of us, so why should I worry? There was no use telling her I still had my eyesight and two hands and didn't like the idea of being kept by her father or anybody else.

So there I was, after four years, sitting in a Pullman stateroom across from a stinking degenerate. The train was slowing for a little town where the timetable said we stopped five minutes.

"How's it for a drink of water?" my prisoner asked, when it started on. I'd hardly handed him his drink before the stateroom door opened and a guy I'd never seen before came busting in. Over his shoulder I could see the Pullman porter, with a scared look on his black face.

"Is your name Conway?" the guy asked.

NECKTIE PARTY

By SCOTT LITTLETON

I told him it was, and asked him what he wanted. He was looking past me—at my prisoner.

I turned around to see what the trouble was, and as I did the guy tried to push me aside.

"Let me at the bastard!" he yelled as I turned back.

"Wait a minute!" I said, shoving him back against the porter. "What's the big idea?"

"Just give me one crack at the dirty louse!" he yelled. "I've got a kid myself, I tell you!"

The porter was jabbering to passengers who now began to crowd into the car aisle from both directions. Something about some news that had just come over the radio.

Somebody mentioned the name Hickson.

The kidnap-murder. . . .

The train conductor came shouldering through the aisle.

"Talk!" I yelled at him. "And talk damned quick! What's it all about?"

"You've got him!" the conductor yelled at me, over the heads of the passengers.

"Got who?"

"The Hickson killer!" everybody seemed to yell at once.

Back of me suddenly something went *plop!* on the floor. I turned around, and my prisoner had dropped his cup.

She was deliberately putting herself between them and me.



ILLUSTRATIONS BY WALTER M. BAUMHOFER

He stood there shaking like a leaf, his face gone a dead white.

The conductor pushed his way through and handed me a telegram.

At the station we'd stopped at, he told me, the news had just come over the radio that the hide-out which had been used by the Hickson killer had finally been located. The place where the kid had been tortured for better than two weeks, then killed. And a man's prints had been found all over it. A check through Washington had shown the prints to be those of a man named Johnson, and—here was the pay-off—Johnson, arrested in the Middle West on a rape charge, was now on his way to the Coast in the custody of Deputy Sheriff James Conway.

Me!

The whole state was up in arms, the conductor said. The radio had said that mobs were gathering all along the line to take my man away from me. Even the governor had come out with a statement that lynching would be too good for the guy!

I pushed the conductor back against the excited passengers, locked the stateroom door, and turned around. Johnson, or whatever his name was, flopped down on his knees, grabbing me around my legs and yelling for me not to let them get him—not to let them kill him. He'd

tell me everything, he yelled—everything—

He was the guy, all right.

I've always been a little ashamed of the next thing I did, but I had seen that little kid's tortured body. I jerked this Johnson to his feet and smashed my fist into his face. Then I threw him over on to one of the seats. . . .

After a minute I got a cup of water, sloshed it on him, and opened the telegram the conductor had given me.

It was from my chief, telling me what the conductor had already told me and ordering me to take my prisoner off the train at the next stop. He said plenty of trouble was expected, but that he would meet me with a lot of deputies and all the local coppers. The town was a county seat—I knew that well enough—and there was a county jail into which we'd rush our man. I was to hold on to him in spite of hell, he said, and he'd back me to the limit.

The passengers were still yammering and banging at my door.

As we slowed for the railroad yards I stuck my head out of the stateroom window. The station platform was coming into sight. A mob? Good God! Hundreds milling and yelling all over the place. I looked hard for my chief and the boys, but if they were there I couldn't see them.

Pulling my prisoner to his feet—he was wet with fright at that point and mouthing a lot of gibberish—I told him that if he wanted to live a few weeks longer he'd better hang right on to my belt. Then I got out my rod, opened the stateroom door, and stuck it into the belly of the nearest passenger.

"Get back!" I yelled at him. He got back like he'd run against the end of a hot poker, and, pushing back against the others, made a little space for us.

"The first one of you that touches us is going to get it right in the guts!" I yelled at them.

I guess those passengers figured I was sincere, all



A man and a girl against a mob to save a human rat! — a gripping, breathless story

right, because I took my man through them. They just flattened themselves against the aisle windows and let us pass. Out on the platform the porter was getting ready to open the vestibule doors.

"Open *this* side," I ordered, meaning the door opposite to the station platform. "Open it quick!" I put my rod on him.

He opened it. Pulling my prisoner after me, I went down the steps, and, while the train was still moving at a pretty good clip, jumped down on to the roadbed.

Ever try making any speed across a flock of railroad tracks dragging somebody after you—somebody who could hardly stand up, to begin with? I only looked back once, to see a part of the mob begin spilling out of the vestibules on to the tracks, and another part of it rounding the rear end of the train and starting after us.

We made a fence opening about a hundred yards up the line, and came out into a street in the wholesale district. I looked around for a car. But there wasn't even any trucks in sight. Nearly everybody had gone over to the

"An officer's got a right to make any citizen help him with an arrest, buddy," I told him. "And, like it or not, you're going to keep on helping me or go to jail yourself."

"You win," he said, and settled down to his driving.

We circled way around the town without getting on to the highway, and began oozing down some side streets toward the jail. But we hadn't gotten within a block of it before I saw I'd guessed wrong. Men were like flies around the place. Women too. And for the first time I saw my chief. With some of the boys from home, he was backed up against the main entrance, talking to that mob for dear life. Trying to convince them, I guess, that their man wasn't there.

The only thing to do was turn around and beat it back the way we came before they saw us.

And then my driver tried to pull a fast one. He clamped down on his horn button and started yelling like a wild man. I let him have it on the head with the butt of my rod, shoved him out of the driver's seat, and climbed over behind the wheel myself. I don't think anybody ever



I was on that car's running board, dragging my prisoner.

station to meet us, I guess. I looked back, and it seemed like the railroad yard was choked up with men—yes, and with women, too—streaming across the tracks after us. The leaders of the mob weren't two hundred feet from us. One of them—a big bareheaded guy in a red sweater—I could see was carrying a coil of rope!

And then a car came along—a pretty new and powerful-looking car, and the guy driving it was slowing down, to see what all the fireworks were about, I guess.

In less time than it takes to tell it, I was on that car's running board, dragging my prisoner after me, and was jamming my rod into the back of that guy's neck.

"Drive!" I yelled at him, opening one of the rear doors and shoving my prisoner inside. "Drive like hell!"

FOR just a fraction of a second I thought I was going to have to knock him in the head and take the wheel myself. Then he got himself together, slammed her in gear, and we were off.

I swung into the back after my prisoner, and a glance through the rear window of the car showed me the guy in the red sweater just coming through the fence opening.

"Turn here!" I ordered when we got to the cross street at the end of the railroad yards. Still feeling the business end of my rod against the back of his neck, my driver went around the corner on two wheels and we headed for the outskirts of the town. My idea was to get clear of the center of trouble as quickly as possible, so as to catch my breath and be able to figure out what I was going to do next.

The first thing I did, of course, was explain to the driver who I was and what I was trying to do; and I never saw a guy look more relieved than when I showed him my badge. But it wasn't so good when I told him who my prisoner was.

"If I'd known *that*," he said, "I sure wouldn't have slowed up back there."

He started arguing with me; but I shut him up.

turned a long-wheelbased car around in a narrow street as quickly as I turned that one.

As we tore back up that street I looked around, and could see men running for their cars to take after us. And I realized that it was the highway, or bust, now.

She was doing sixty when I shifted into high on the first straight stretch I got to, and once out on the highway I lifted her to seventy-five. I figured, with luck, I'd make the coast by dark.

The car's owner came back to life with a groan. Blood was trickling down the side of his face, so I gave him my handkerchief.

"I'm sorry, buddy," I told him; "but you asked for it."

"I did all I could," he said. "We'll get the so-and-so yet!"

"Not if I can help it," I said. "And remember—no more monkey business!"

He wasn't hurt badly, but he was a pretty sick young man. As for my other passenger, he was still slumped in the back seat—a living dead man, I remember thinking as I shot a glance back at him.

After about half an hour I began to feel a little easier, even though every time we hit high ground I could see a line of cars coming hell-bent after me a mile or so behind. I was pulling away from them a little, too. When darkness came I'd be in pretty good shape to turn off the main stem into country that was getting more and more familiar to me with every mile. My country. My dad's country. Marian's country. Marian Bartlett, who had called me an impractical damned fool . . . and was probably right, at that.

I was afraid to look at the gasoline gauge. It would be miles before we hit a gas station. But I looked at it. There was barely a gallon left.

"Is that gauge right?" I asked the car's owner.

"Sure it's right!" He laughed. For just a second I felt like putting him to sleep again. Then a wild idea hit me. The Bartlett ranch!

Just a little way ahead of us was the road you turned off on to get to it. The Bartletts' private road, and it had a stock gate across it, I remembered.

I skidded to a stop at that gate and took the car owner out of the car with me at the point of my rod. I guess it didn't take us a minute to get through, close the gate behind us, and be on our way.

The road led up over a sharp rise, and I got over that in just about nothing flat. But before I dropped on down into the valley beyond I pulled up short to listen, and it couldn't have been more than a few seconds before I heard the first of the cars come drumming along the highway, wide open. Would they see my fresh tire tracks there by the gate? I held tight on to my left ear—and as car after car went by I slowly began to let go of it. And I'm telling you I didn't entirely let go of it until the last of those cars—and there must have been a dozen of them—faded out of hearing.

Then I dropped on down into the valley and headed for the Bartlett place. They'd be sure to have gasoline there, and with a quick hello and good-bye to Marian and her dad I'd go on my way with a full tank. Just where I'd go I wasn't sure, yet. But the Lord knows I didn't want to get Marian and her dad mixed up in my troubles any more than I had to.

It was about five o'clock when we got there. Old Fong, the cooky, was the first familiar face I saw when we rolled up to the patio entrance, and when he recognized me he greeted me like a long lost son.

Missa Bob, he said, wasn't there; he'd gone off with the riders and wasn't expected back until late that night. But Missy Marian was there, he said, and, clucking like an old hen, ran off to get her. I ordered the car owner and my prisoner out of the car, and the three of us were standing there when Marian came running out.

Evidently she hadn't heard a thing over the radio—for, without paying any attention to my men or their appearance, she just made a line for me and threw her arms around my neck. And you can guess what I was doing with *my* arms while she was doing that! Hell—it would have taken more than a necktie party at that point to have gotten my mind off of that girl!

Suddenly there was a noise behind me, and there was the car owner in the driver's seat of his car, slamming her into gear, tearing back up the road over which we had come.

For a moment I was too stunned to do anything. Then I started with my prisoner into the house on the run.

"Jim!" I heard Marian call after me. "What on earth—"

Their phone was in the same place it had always been, and it didn't take me long to get the county jail, although it seemed like a month of Sundays before my chief got on the wire. I told him what had happened and begged him to come out for me as fast as he could.

BUT he had a better idea than that. If, as I said, I had the car's number—you get in the habit of grabbing license numbers in this business—and the car had less than a gallon of gas in it, the guy could be picked up before he could do any damage. There wasn't any other phone within range of the guy's gas supply, and he'd send some highway police right out after him from both directions. He'd call me back later, he said.

Now it was just a question of telling Marian.

Her reaction, when she'd gotten over her first shudder at being in the same room with the cuss, was just what I figured it would be.

"It's just like you, Jim," she said.

"You wouldn't have wanted me to turn him over to them, would you?" I asked. "The man's in my custody, Marian."

"That's all very well," she said, "if you *can* protect him. But isn't it rather foolish—if you can't?"

"I've protected him this far," I said. "And if the chief picks up that guy in the car, we'll get away with it yet."

"Wasn't it rather foolish to bring him here?" she asked. "Not that I'm not glad to see you. But—"

I told her I'd been almost out of gas and had had to do something.

"What do you want me to do?" She gave a funny little laugh. "Help you stick your own stubborn neck into a noose? If only you weren't such a fool, Jim! You and me—and Fong—against a mob!"

"I'm only trying to do my job, Marian," I said.

"Your job! You talk like a Boy Scout!"

But she promised me that if the mob came to the ranch she would tell them I had grabbed one of the ranch cars and had gone on my way with my man.

I remembered the cellar under the east wing of the house where we'd often played as kids. If the chief *didn't* pick up that car owner and the mob *did* come, it would be the best place for us to hide, I figured, while Marian did her stuff.

I took the guy down there, slipped my handcuffs on him, and told Fong to keep an eye on him. The old Chink just picked up a meat cleaver and ran a thumb along its edge, grinning at me.

Marian had a highball waiting for me. I downed it, kissed her for luck, and then the two of us went over and stood on opposite sides of a living-room window through which we could see up the ranch road.

When the phone finally rang, it was my chief.

They had the guy!

I GAVE one yip and grabbed Marian around the neck. We'd outsmarted that mob! The chief said it might be an hour or so before he could get out to us.

Marian was just as tickled as I was, and we had another drink on it.

Then I went down and saw that my prisoner was O. K. He said he didn't feel like eating anything, but I gave him some water and came back upstairs to the first real ranch dinner I'd sat down to for a long time. Fong outdid himself.

After dinner we went into the living room.

To flop down in front of a fire with the only girl in the world beside you; to take that girl in your arms and tell her all you've been waiting to tell her; to hear her tell you all you've been wanting to hear her tell you—what more could a guy ask after he'd been through what I'd been through that afternoon?

After we'd sat there about an hour she wanted to go outside and show me some things that were new about the place since I'd been there last; so we went out into the moonlight. I'll never forget that moon. It was big and round and yellow; it was the swellest moon I'd ever seen. It was hard to realize it was looking down just as brightly on human rottenness as it was on us.

We fooled around outside for quite a little while before we started back for the house. I was beginning to get just a little worried about my chief. It had been almost two hours since I talked to him. . . .

Then, slanting down from the hills in the distance, I saw a pair of automobile headlights. There he was, God bless him! In a few minutes more the toughest job I'd ever tackled would be over, as far as my responsibility was concerned. I'd done my best, and it had been enough.

And then another pair of headlights appeared over the rise, followed by a dozen or more.

It didn't look so good. . . .

That wasn't my chief!

Something had gone wrong. And if it had—

"Run for the house!" I told Marian. "I'll go in the back way!"

"Jim!" I could hear her calling back over her shoulder as she ran. "For God's sake, don't do anything foolish!" I don't think I answered her. All I had on my mind was getting down into that cellar as fast as I could get there. If those cars were the mob, the rest was going to be up to her. It was hell, putting her in a spot like that, but there was nothing else to do. And although I was pretty badly scared, I felt it was a fair bet she'd get away with it.

It was the mob, all right. . . .

Down in the cellar, trying to keep that gibbering baby-killer quiet, I could hear most of it. Hear the cars, dozens of them, sliding to a stop outside the patio. . . . Hear the men, all talking and yelling at once, climb out of them and begin banging on the front door. . . . Hear them quiet down for a few seconds when Marian and Fong opened up. . . .

I couldn't hear what she said to them; but the voices and yelling began to get loud again, and I remember the nightmare realization coming over me that *she wasn't getting away with it!*

Then I could hear them pushing past her, coming inside the house. Doors began to bang and I could hear furniture being overturned.

It was only a matter of minutes, I knew, before they'd find where the cellar door was, in the kitchen. Then everything I stood for, as an officer, would be put to the test. Looking at that God-awful specimen of humanity down there in the cellar with me, I began to wonder if what I was doing was worth the candle.

He was going to die anyhow. A jury of men pretty much like those upstairs was going to condemn him to die. I'd done everything I could for him. Surely nobody would blame me if, in the face of odds like that, I threw up the sponge.

Nobody—but *myself!*

That was the answer. I got out my rod, put myself between the guy and the cellar steps, and got set.

And then, up there, I heard Marian scream: "Don't! For God's sake—don't!" I was up those cellar steps and into that kitchen in about three jumps. And at a glance I could see what she was screaming about. Two guys had one of old Fong's arms behind his back and were twisting it. When they saw me with my rod in my hand, they dropped him like a red-hot poker.

I guess the only reason I didn't let them have it was that I knew I had only six slugs and I figured I was going to need them all before that party was over.

Most of the mob was crowded into the dining room and overflowing into the living room beyond—although quite a few of them were there in the kitchen. There must have been at least fifty of them crammed into that house and I could see as many more, outside in the moonlight, through the kitchen windows. I saw something else, too. My chief, with his arms bound and a handkerchief over his mouth, and two guys holding him.

I slammed the cellar door behind me, backed up against it, and kept my rod moving back and forth across the stomachs of the nearest ones. The uproar had died down a little when I showed up. Now it began again, louder, and more like a growl than ever. I didn't say a word. You can't argue with a mob.

"Jim!" I could hear Marian calling to me. "It's no use!"

THROUGH it all I could make out other voices calling to me. Voices I recognized; voices of guys I'd known for years. Voices yelling that they didn't want to hurt me, and for me to get out of the way before they had to. I just stood there with those six slugs in my rod, waiting.

Then the big guy in the red sweater—the big guy with the coil of rope—was pushing himself up front and calling to me. He was a guy I'd gone to school with.

"Jim!" he was saying. "We're going to take that guy, if we have to take you first!"

Behind him others began yelling for him and the rest of them up in front to do something about me—get me out of the way—get going. Those outside the house began crowding up to the kitchen windows, too, yelling for action.

"Kill the such-and-such, if he

won't let us pass!" somebody yelled. "Knock him in the head!" . . . "Let him have it!" . . . "Pour it into him!" they began yelling. All that was needed was a spark—

And then Marian had pushed her way through them and stood in front of me. Square in front of my rod. Right between it and that mob!

"For God's sake, Marian!" I yelled at her. "Get back!"

But she didn't move. She was deliberately putting herself between them and me.

"You can't do it, Jim," she said. "I won't let you do it!"

There she was, coming closer to me, telling me she loved me—reaching for my rod—trying to protect me, damn her!

"I'm doing it!" I remember yelling at her, as the mob began to close in behind her.

"But it isn't worth it, dear!" I remember her saying—

And then I don't remember anything else that happened there at that cellar door. A big wave kind of crashed down on me, and my lights went out.

WHEN I began to come to, my head was on her knees, and it seemed like she was putting water on it. It hurt like hell, and I felt like an army had run over me. There was nobody beside us in the kitchen and I remember trying to figure out why that was. Where was Fong, I remember asking her, and where was her dad? And why was I lying there on the floor?

"Hush!" she said, kissing me; and I remember asking her why she was crying.

Then things began to clear up, slowly. Way off in the distance, it seemed like, I could hear a sound like a surf. It got louder and louder, and turned into the sound of a lot of people yelling. . . . And—it was funny—all through it I could hear Marian crying and asking me to forgive her. I couldn't make out what she meant. . . .

Then all of a sudden the fog lifted. It was yelling that I was hearing. That mob—right outside the house! That mob—that had taken my man! But maybe they hadn't finished with him yet, I remember thinking crazily. . . .

I remember pushing Marian away and swearing at her as I staggered out of the back door of the house into the moonlight . . . and I remember that my rod was in my hand. . . .

That big yellow moon!

In the light of it the bare cottonwoods stood out against the sky like a lot of scraggly hat trees. And from the biggest of them was hanging something that looked like a long black overcoat with a white hat slung on top of it.

A little way off stood my chief, unbound now, and standing there watching and listening to the yelling as if he wondered what else there was he could do. They had begun shooting at the overcoat, and it swayed back and forth on the hat tree like one of those long, heavy punching bags.

I holstered my rod and went over to my chief, and he looked at me and gave me a little pat on the shoulder.

"We almost did it," he said. "They took me right out of my car."

We went over and got in his car and drove back to town.

THE END

ANTHONY ABBOT

Crime Commentator for Liberty, says:

Thatcher Colt, New York's legendary police commissioner, would read this story with a great deal of interest. In his travels abroad he quickly discovered that mob violence was regarded as the Great American Crime. Most of us are brought up to believe that the Americans are the greatest people who ever lived. We shudder at the barbaric tortures of the Chinese, the brutality of East Indian warfare, the savagery of Spain torn by civil war, the iniquities of all other nations in comparison to ourselves. Yet the American horror of lynching is a reproach likely to be hurled in the face of any traveling American.

It has always been Mr. Colt's contention that it is the duty of every policeman to lay down his life for his prisoner, even when he knows his prisoner has the soul of a rat. He urges every reader of Liberty to write to congressman and senator to support the anti-lynching legislation now before Congress.

Anthony Abbot's famous Police Commissioner Thatcher Colt is on the N. B. C. Red Network every Sunday from 2.30 to 3.00 P. M., E. D. S. T.

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I'll Never Make a Movie, Says Katharine Cornell

BY FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 50 SECONDS



KATHARINE CORNELL

"I'll never make a movie!"

So speaks Katharine Cornell. She means it. And she goes on: "I haven't the vitality or the desire."

Here's why.

"I have had screen offers that mean a small fortune," Miss Cornell says. "Last summer, after I did Saint Joan in Los Angeles, the studios put their very best velvet carpets out for me. Producers told me to drop in after my stage season.

"Now, if I were to do films, I would want to learn all the technique of film acting. It is an entirely different technique from the stage. It would take a great deal of time and effort. My life—my processes of thinking—would have to be rebuilt. Its reward would be lavish, probably. But money does not mean all that to me. What would I do with all the added responsibilities?

"I love the stage for its direct contacts. I like to feel the personal reactions of audiences. I don't want to wait months for some one to assemble pieces of my acting—and then discover whether I've been good or bad. Audiences feed me, supply something I need.

"Another thing, the very flexibility of stage acting has its fascination. You never need stop developing a role. You can go on and on. In Hollywood you do your big scene in June; you do all the scenes working up to it in July. The whole thing is on file in sections, unchangeable, permanent. It can't grow."

Let me tell you more of Miss Cornell. As you know, she stands at the very forefront of the American speaking stage right now. Her Barretts of Wimpole Street, her Juliet, and her Saint Joan lifted her to pre-eminence. She has been married for fifteen years to Guthrie McClintic, the stage producer, who has guided her career since her appearance in *The Green Hat*.

Miss Cornell was born in Berlin, Germany, during a stay of her parents abroad. Her father, Peter C. Cornell, abandoned medicine to manage a theater in Buffalo. Miss Cornell says she never can remember a moment when she did not want to go on the stage. She made her debut with the old Washington Square Players,

in 1917, in a four-word role of a playlet, *Bushido*, with José Ruben. Her progress was slow and difficult.

Today the outlook facing a young actor is even blacker. I asked Miss Cornell how a young person who wants to act should go about it.

"The problem becomes more difficult every year," she replied. "There are no stock companies now. There are some little-theater organizations across America. If I were starting out, hoping to be an actress, I probably would try to join one of them.

"I try to keep the young people in my companies from jumping at Hollywood offers prematurely. Hollywood doesn't really train its young players. True, it puts them in a few minor roles to feel them out. Then it jumps them to important parts, particularly if they have any sort of personality under the cameras. Lacking training and resource, they are used up in two years. The young actor who might go on to great things, if properly developed, is discarded at twenty-two or twenty-three. Just a few attractive personalities weather the Hollywood winds.

"I tell young players to learn their trade first. Then, if they wish, to take Hollywood in their stride."

Miss Cornell has had numerous film offers. Not so long ago, one company offered to let her, at her own price, pick her own picture story, her own cast, her own director, and stipulated that she could have the whole result thrown away at the finish, if she felt so inclined. Last summer a movie company offered her a million dollars for three films. But she said no.

Today Miss Cornell lives a strange, intense, isolated life. She lets nothing intrude upon her acting. She has no interest in clothes outside the theater, and when she dresses her hair especially for a role, as she did in *Saint Joan*, she wears it that way off the stage as well as on.

The McClintics have two homes. One is in Beekman Place in New York overlooking the East River. But Miss Cornell prefers the other, a little cottage she leases up the Hudson, at Sneden Landing, New York. She motors out on Wednesday nights after the theater, drives in for her other

performances, rests there over the week ends. Out in the country, she walks with her dogs, two dachshunds named Lillo and Sonya. Now there is a family of three dachshund puppies. She used to play a great deal of golf, but now she has little time for the game.

Miss Cornell reads a great deal—an average of three books every two days. Two out of five of her books will be crime yarns. She reads a few current novels, biography, history, and some published drama.

Miss Cornell rarely goes to the speaking theater. She has no time or opportunity while playing on Broadway or the road. She goes occasionally to the movies. Her closest friends in the films are Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford, Basil Rathbone, and Greta Garbo. She wants very much to see Garbo in *Camille*.

"I adore the movies. But I never go when I am playing; I do nothing else but act when I am acting. Movies, even bad ones, stir and move me. Sentimentality always gets me. Bathos makes me cry. I have no discrimination when it comes to sentiment."

Will the road come back?

"It has," replies Miss Cornell. "I have found that the road still is there, hungry for good plays. The movies have taught the public out there certain things—smoothness of production, expensiveness of sets, lavishness of expenditure, but sometimes—quite frequently—garish boredom.

"But a good play well done by living actors will take precedence always over a film. And we do not try to compete with the screen. We try to do things the movies will not, can not do. The movies are predigested.

"I believe people want to think."

THE END

★ Art vs. wealth!—a famous star of the living stage tells why she rejects \$1,000,000 offers

Gaston B. Means—

An amazing chronicle of dark secrets out of a sinister past . . . Herewith,

READING TIME • 27 MINUTES 53 SECONDS

BY MAY DIXON THACKER, Co-Author of

BOLD posing as the son of his employer, the millionaire towel manufacturer Cannon, cost Gaston Means his job; but, as Mrs. Thacker told in last week's installment, it also earned him \$2,000 the day of his dismissal. Using the same bit of deception, he collected that amount from accounts due, and went on his way. As investigator for the William J. Burns International Detective Agency, his next job, he sold his services to German secret commercial agents, and later was paid \$100 a day for turning up Allied spies for Germany. When America entered the war this lucrative field was lost to Means. He was not idle long, however.

Maisie Melvin hired him to protect her wealthy young sister, Maude King, a natural target for fortune hunters. Means ingratiated himself so completely that he was soon handling all her financial affairs. Not long after Maude asked Means for an accounting of her estate, she was fatally shot. "An accident," Means convincingly told the coroner's jury of Concord, North Carolina. But muttered suspicions and an anonymous letter resulted in another examination of the body. This time the verdict was murder! Means was arrested. Simultaneously, in New York, authorities investigating Maude's estate found it had dwindled from \$1,238,000 to \$40,000 in the two years Means had handled it.

At the trial Maisie Melvin testified for Means, defended him. Means was acquitted. And Maisie, the sole beneficiary to her sister's estate, disappeared. Eleven years later, in Washington, D. C., where Mrs. Thacker was collaborating with Gaston Means on *The Strange Death of President Harding*, Maisie appeared. Means and his wife Julie kept her a virtual prisoner in the hotel, never permitting her to talk to Mrs. Thacker privately.

Then, late one night, Mrs. Thacker heard a faint knock on her door. It was Maisie Melvin.

PART THREE—MAISIE MELVIN'S STORY

SHE hesitated, her withered face bleak with apprehension. In her scared eyes was mirrored the terror of a damned soul pursued by a thousand vengeful devils. She swept the corridor with those frightened eyes.

"Come in, Maisie," I repeated softly.

Still she hesitated. She half turned. For a second she seemed about to dart back across the hall to the refuge of her own room.

Then, suddenly summoning courage, she pattered past me with frantic speed, and sat down weakly on the edge of my bed. I closed the door to my room, and walked over to her. I smiled at her indulgently. I was still far from convinced that I could accept this pathetically wretched old woman at face value. Her fright was genuine enough, but I was confident that Gaston Means reasonably could explain her delusion of persecution.

But, for all my confidence, I was uneasy.

"If Bud and Julie found out I was in your room . . ."

She broke off the sentence. "You know, don't you," she whimpered, "that I'm being kept a prisoner in this hotel?"

I tried to shake off my own uneasiness by employing a cheerful tone.

"Now, now," I said, "it can't be as bad as that."

My words, intended to be reassuring, somehow sounded flat and false and hollow. Maisie's red-veined, rheumy eyes lifted, blinking in the bright glare of the room's overhead light, to stare into mine. In them, amazingly, was pity—for me!

"Oh, but you don't know, Mrs. Thacker. Gaston Means is a monster . . . a monster!"

I crossed the room, pressed the light switch. The ceil-

ing light went out and only the soft yellow glow of my bed lamp shone cheerily in the room.

"That's better," I said, pulling a chair up close beside the bed, so that we might talk softly.

Her voice, when she spoke, had a passionate vibrant intensity.

"Please, Mrs. Thacker," she implored me. "Get out of this place. Get out of this hotel. Get away from Gaston Means. Before it is too late!"

I hesitated uneasily. The poor old creature was so obviously sincere, so deeply concerned.

"But I'm under contract, you know, to write this book with Mr. Means," I protested.

"Then break it," she whispered savagely. She leaned back and her grim face softened and her voice grew strangely soft—and sad.

"Look at me," she commanded. "I'm a wretched, wrinkled old woman. Ugly!" She sighed. "I was pretty once. And now— I know what you are thinking. What I went through" . . . she tapped her scrawny chest with a waxen hand . . . "what I have kept



MASTER BAD MAN

new, revealing light on the strange trail of the Maude King mystery

"The Strange Death of President Harding"

ILLUSTRATED BY MICHAEL

locked up in here for years, *was* enough to drive me mad."

Her voice grew vehement.

"But it hasn't done that, Mrs. Thacker. Oh, I could write a book, too, about Gaston Means. A book so horrible that no publisher would dare print it.

"I've kept all these things locked up in me too long. Eleven years! And I've never told a living soul."

From somewhere she produced a crumpled handkerchief. Her hands, in her lap, worried the handkerchief, and she rocked back and forth almost imperceptibly as she sat there. Reminiscence was in her blank unseeing eyes as she reached the fingers of her mind back into a terrifying past.

"Maude's been in her grave eleven long years. I loved Maude. We were inseparable. I wouldn't have harmed her for anything. Yet—may God have mercy on me—I was not guiltless. I helped lead Maude to her death."

She began to sob. I got up from my chair and put an arm around her bony shoulders and held her for a moment against me.

"You're too tired," I said soothingly. "This isn't

good for you, you know. You can tell me more tomorrow."

She shook her head, grabbed my arm in her bony fingers.

"Oh, no—please! I must tell some one . . . before it is too late. I want to tell my story—to you."

I sat back slowly in my chair.

"All right," I agreed. "I'll listen."

"I told you the other day," she began softly, "that Maude didn't trust Bud. I don't think that was correct. Maude trusted every one. But she never liked him. Mother, however, neither trusted him nor did she like him. She used to say: 'He's too sure of himself. He blows too much.'"

I forced a laugh. "He does bluster and brag," I agreed.

"That's where people misjudge Bud," she answered. "They think he brags to show off, to cover up a slow-witted mind. Why, all the time he's putting on that act for people his mind is moving like lightning. He's scheming, planning ahead, every minute."

There was a chilling moment of silence. Then:

"People have said some pretty awful things about Maude," she continued. "They said she was a woman of loose morals. That isn't so. Perhaps she was giddy. Flattery went to her head and she was constantly getting into scrapes and worrying mother and me.

"You see, the whole situation played right into Gaston Means' hands. He did bring Maude back from California, where she'd gone with that French count. He said he'd found her in a hotel there with this fellow. He said she was full of drugs when he found her and that he had to have her take a cure before he brought her back.

"I don't believe that now. But he swore us to secrecy before he told us."

Maisie leaned forward and fixed piously pleading eyes on me.

"Don't you see, Mrs. Thacker, that I believed in Gaston Means, that I was putty in his hands? He'd saved my sister, protected her from a crooked fortune hunter. I was blinded by my gratitude."

She leaned back, teetering in and out of the yellow glow of the bed lamp, her head bobbing up and down as a cackling half-hysterical laugh came from between thin lips.

"Oh, he protected Maude, all right. He kept the adventurers, the fortune hunters away. Why shouldn't he have? He was the biggest fortune hunter of all. He was determined to have every cent of her fortune for himself. And he did."

"But I don't understand," I protested. "Protecting Maude was one thing; obtaining control of her money was another."

"It was very simple. He persuaded Maude, one day, to let him make a small investment for her. Within a few weeks he returned her original money and a huge profit. Naturally, we were impressed.

"I don't think—as I look back on it—that he invested that money of hers at all. He simply returned it to her, with some additional money out of his own pocket, to deceive her."

I nodded my understanding. This was the simple technique of the suave confidence-game man. An old technique, to be sure.

"In a short time," continued Maisie Melvin, "he had full control of Maude's money. He handled everything." She shrugged her narrow shoulders.

"You know the rest. Maude's fortune, more than a

"Mother, with one hand on the coffin, accused Bud of having murdered Maude."



million and a quarter, was gone in less than three years."

"But how?" I asked. "Whatever became of it?"

"It was spent," she said flatly. "Thrown away. Gambled away. Bud took some horrible losses in the market. But it wasn't just a case of foolish investment, Mrs. Thacker. Bud and Julie could spend more money than any two persons you ever saw. Bud taught Julie to squander money; convinced her there would always be more. She bought dresses for two hundred and fifty dollars each; stockings by the dozen—at five dollars a pair. They spent it—just spent it!"

"Didn't you know that Maude's money was being lost?"

Her trembling fingers worried the handkerchief for a moment before she answered.

"Yes," she admitted softly. "Oh, I didn't know the full truth, of course. But Bud made me his confidante."

Pain came into her old eyes.

"People have said some vile things about me. They said I was Gaston Means' mistress. That wasn't true. I was Maude's sole beneficiary. That was true."

She paused. Then her eyes and shaking voice were pleading with me to believe:

"They said I plotted with Bud, schemed with him, planned the murder of Maude—my own sister—so that I could have her money. As God is my judge, Mrs. Thacker, that isn't true. You do believe me, don't you?"

"Yes," I replied; "I believe you."

Her face had gone suddenly white, her eyes glassy with misery, and for a startled moment I feared she would give way to hysteria—or faint. I went into the bathroom and drew her a glass of cold water and brought it back to her. She drank from it slowly.

"Thank you," she said—and sat holding the glass for a moment, staring at it. Then she peered up at me.

"Do you know," she exclaimed, "that Bud never drinks out of any glass without rinsing it! He says people have been poisoned for not being careful like that."

"How should he know," she demanded shrewdly, "that they were poisoned?"

As I took the glass from her and carried it across the dimly lighted room to the bathroom, I felt strangely perturbed. My nerves were on edge. I looked at my watch. It was one thirty in the morning. All of this talk of murder, of treachery, of poison was having its effect.

I felt oppressed and—I had to admit it—terrified.

As I returned to Maisie, I paused for a second at the window of my room. Outside, huge clouds, dark and low, scudded across a sullen sky. In the darkness out there, below, was Washington, capital of our nation.

Here in this very city, a few years before, many persons connected with the Harding regime had died mysteriously. Ptomaine poisoning? Or—just poisoning? Most of them had been connected, in one way or another, with the corrupt Harding administration. And among them had moved Gaston B. Means—cunning, shrewd, an ever mysterious figure—at the time a member of the Department of Justice.

IN another hotel in this city a timid intimate and roommate of the Attorney General of the United States had died a death in every way as mysterious as that of Maude King. Jess Smith!

And Gaston Means had been reported seen leaving poor Jess Smith's hotel shortly after that weird death.

As I stood looking out of that window in the still, dark, early-morning hours, I didn't realize that one day I would be putting on paper the things Maisie Melvin told me. Nor did I know then that into this chronicle I am now writing would go the actual untold truth of the baffling death of Jess Smith.

I turned from the window and went back to Maisie.

"Mrs. Thacker," Maisie resumed, "I have told you that I did not plan my sister's death with Means so that I could inherit her money. But I was Bud's accomplice. I did plot and scheme with him. I helped him because I trusted him; because I thought he was working at all times for Maude's best interests. I am not a clever woman."

"How in God's name could I have known the fiendish, callous things that were in his head? He used me—as

he uses every one else—to further his own heartless plans.

"When Maude, who disliked him, or mother, who distrusted him, rebelled, he came to me for sympathy or advice. He would tell me:

"Now, you, Maisie—you are different. You are older than Maude and your head is level. It's up to you to work for the good of the family.'"

She paused, shook her aged head.

"And so I would go to them, smooth things over, re-establish their confidence in Bud. I tried so hard—for Maude's sake!"

She chuckled bitterly.

"And, all the while, Maude's money was being spent."

"You can't realize the incredible cunning of the man, Mrs. Thacker. He ruled our lives. He dominated us. He virtually kept us prisoners month after month. Mother didn't notice it so much, for she was a semi-invalid. But Maude constantly rebelled. She liked excitement, male companions. He wouldn't let a man come near her."

"But," I asked, perplexed, "how could he manage such a thing?"

Maisie Melvin smiled wanly.

HE found a will—a second will—of Mr. King's. It left everything—three or four millions—to Maude. He promised to break the old will, get these additional millions for Maude. She promised—signed a paper, in fact—to give him \$950,000 if he succeeded. He told us no news of this new will must seep out until the court fight was under way. We must go into seclusion, keep strangers away from us."

"And did you believe that second will was genuine?"

"I did. It had what seemed to be my husband's signature on it as a witness. I was convinced my dead husband had signed it. It was a rank forgery, of course."

"Maude wanted that money, naturally—and I wanted her to have it. But she was a vivacious girl. She wanted her freedom, companionship—even more."

"I could no longer do anything with her. She refused to stay in the apartment. And then Bud thought up a clever way to trick her—and I helped him trick her—with a phantom lover."

"A phantom lover!" I exclaimed.

"Yes. Fantastic, isn't it? Bud wrote Maude letters. Every day. Beautiful letters, praising Maude's beauty. All of the letters came to her postmarked Baltimore. Sometimes there would be flowers, candy, telegrams."

"They were all anonymous. They were supposed to be from an admiring stranger who had seen her once and fallen in love with her. He was supposed to be young and wealthy and living on a yacht in Chesapeake Bay. Those letters kept Maude happy and contented for weeks."

I shook my head at the devilish ingenuity of Gaston Means.

"Maude was so enthusiastic about her phantom lover," continued Maisie. "Even promised him never to yield to any other man until she and this phantom lover had met face to face."

"Poor Maude! She never knew. And we used to laugh—Bud and Julie and I—behind her back."

"Then Julie knew of this phantom lover?"

Maisie's intense eyes looked squarely into mine.

"Oh, yes," she said; "Julie knew." Her voice grew bitter. "It was a standing joke with us—this ridiculous little farce. I thought it was a farce. What a blind fool I was! I trusted Gaston Means. I didn't know that even then Maude's money was gone; that he had even seized my mother's trust fund of \$150,000, forging her name to the revocation order to get it."

"I didn't realize then—but Gaston Means must have realized—that this farce of the phantom lover couldn't go on much longer. That tragedy was close upon us. And death was waiting for Maude."

She hesitated, her hands tearing desperately at the handkerchief, the horror of those past years seated ominously upon her slight hunched figure.

"Bud wanted us to go South—to Asheville. Maude didn't want to go. Again he tricked her. The phantom lover wrote, promising to meet her there. We all went."

The phantom lover was delayed for two weeks. Bud asked Maude to go on to Concord, in the interim, to visit his folks there. He asked me to go along.

"Maude didn't want to go. She thought it would be an awful bore. Besides, she had told Bud that she wanted an accounting of his management of her finances.

"It was I, Mrs. Thacker, who finally persuaded Maude to make the trip. I didn't know what I was doing. But I led my sister to her own grave!"

She sighed and rubbed a gnarled hand across her eyes.

"Mother wasn't asked to go. And Julie was left behind, too, at Asheville.

"I'll never forget the night Maude died. She and Bud had gone to Blackwelder's Spring. I was at the Means home when the telephone rang. The place became a bedlam. Every one was talking, excited. I didn't know what had happened. Then some one told me that Maude had shot herself—was dead. I was numb with grief, confused, lonely.

"When Gaston Means returned, he came straight to my room. He looked terrible. He sat there, his head in his hands, gulping whisky, telling me what had happened. It was all his fault, he said. He reproached himself so bitterly, seemed so shaken and remorseful, that even then my heart went out to him in pity."

Maisie Melvin sat suddenly erect and a strange fire came into her eyes.

"What a fool I was!" she exclaimed bitterly. "The next day I should have known Gaston Means for the lying devil that he is. He came to me and tried to persuade me to have Maude's body cremated."

"Oh, my God!" I thought—and recalled that the state's whole murder case hinged upon the angle of the bullet wound in Maude King's head. Aloud I said: "Didn't you . . ."

"Suspect?" snapped Maisie Melvin vehemently. "No! Not even then. He suggested it, he told me, because he felt I was too weak and stunned to make the long trip back to Chicago with the body of my sister. I was grateful to him for his brotherly solicitude, even though I wouldn't listen to him on that point.

"But that wasn't all. Maude's body was hardly cold when his vicious scheming mind was at work on yet another plan. Maude's million was gone. My mother's trust fund was gone. Maude was dead. You'd have thought that he would have been through with us.

"But he wasn't. Not yet. In Maude's trunk were her jewels. One hundred thousand dollars' worth of jewelry."

THE old woman's voice had grown shrill with emotion by now. Her words tumbled out in an almost maniacal flow.

"He convinced me that, for safety's sake, I shouldn't be carrying those jewels about with me on trains in my distracted condition. He got a lockbox for me at the local bank. The box was in my name. I went with him and put Maude's jewels in it with my own hands. It seemed perfectly all right.

"That afternoon he told me: 'You'll probably never be coming back here to Concord, Maisie.' I never wanted to see Concord again—and told him so. 'Then better give me a written order so that I can get into that lockbox and bring you your jewels when you want them.'

"I gave him that order. Thirty minutes after I signed it, Mrs. Thacker, on his way to catch the funeral train, Bud went into the bank vault, hurried out again. When the box was opened later, it was empty.

"There was a horrible scene when we stopped off at Asheville so that mother could see Maude's body. Mother, holding on to Maude's coffin with one hand, wheeled on Bud and accused him of having murdered Maude. He walked out of the room. When I tried to defend him, mother turned on me, told me she never wanted to see me again."

The old lady paused for a moment. Her next words seemed irrelevant:

"Do you remember hearing that Julie was pregnant during her husband's trial?"

I nodded.

"Well, it's true. She was. Her third child, Billy, was born six months after the trial began. Julie told me, later, that the child was conceived that night our funeral party stopped in Asheville at the Grove Park Inn."

The astounding implication made me shudder. I could picture the scene: Maude's body in a rose-draped coffin in one room. In another, not far away, Gaston and Julie Means reunited, their passion flaming in that macabre atmosphere.

The farseeing devilish perfidy of Gaston Means seemed inconceivable. Was he, even then, peering with uncanny foresight into the coming months? Envisioning the possibility of his own trial for murder?

For a wife with child seldom fails to win the sympathy of the jury for a defendant.

"In those lonely days," Maisie continued, "just after Maude had been buried, in Chicago, Bud was awfully kind to me. He was always at my side; always considerate. I didn't know that he was merely humoring me so that he could have my testimony on his behalf, should there be a trial."

HER lips trembled and twisted into a bitter sneer.

"Well, there was a trial, and I testified for him, and he was acquitted. Mother never forgave me for that. My own brothers broke with me and haven't spoken to me to this day. I had no friend in the world—except Gaston Means. I had no money. There was supposed to be forty thousand dollars due me from the estate, somehow, but Maude's accounts were so mixed up that no one but Bud seemed to know how to untangle them. I went to the bank

to get Maude's jewelry. It was gone.

"Bud told me he had had to convert it into cash with which to carry on the legal fight for the second will. I asked him why he hadn't told me about it before."

She smiled brokenly as she recalled the incident.

"It was then, Mrs. Thacker, that he turned on me. He snapped at me: 'You told me to act for you, didn't you? Well, let me alone! I'm doing the best I can.'

"I was stunned. My eyes were opened so suddenly to his horrible treachery. All of the past became clear. And he knew that I, at last, knew.

"'I'm going to the authorities,' I told him.

"His face was very calm and his eyes narrowed and he didn't even raise his voice when he spoke to me. 'Go and be damned,' he said. 'Go ahead—go to the authorities. But don't forget to tell them what the whole public already suspects, what your own family believes—that you're as deep in the mud as I am deep in the mire.'

"That was true, Mrs. Thacker. I was horribly frightened. Who would believe that my motives had been good? Gaston Means for nearly three years had dominated me by sheer cleverness and cajolery. Now he could hold me under his control by fear alone, if he wished.

"But he didn't. There was only one bit of unfinished business—the lawsuit over the second King will. It was branded a forgery and thrown out of court.

"I was penniless. My family had repudiated me. I had nothing left—except the furniture in the Park Avenue apartment in New York. I sold it, opened up a rooming house. That kept me afloat for several years. But I'm an old woman now. If Gaston Means can get me that forty thousand dollars that is coming to me . . ."

Her voice trailed off hopelessly and there was an eerie silence in the room where we sat. I felt suddenly chill and tense and—again—frightened.

Could this astounding tale of unbridled fiendishness be true? If it were, Gaston Means stood branded the most diabolic, blackhearted villain that ever walked the paths of crime.

I gnawed my lip, shuddered involuntarily. Here we



sat, two unprotected women—one telling the story of his merciless deceit, the other listening. And virtually in his own house! Only the walls of a room separated us from the room that he occupied. I didn't like it.

Maisie Melvin seemed to read my thoughts.

"Now you know why I told you to get out of here, Mrs. Thacker—to get away from Gaston Means."

She pushed her wrinkled face close to mine. Her voice dropped to a whisper.

"I almost forgot, Mrs. Thacker, to tell you the most important thing of all. When Bud and Maude and I were in Concord—the day Maude died . . ."

Suddenly we were both on our feet. Her thin, bony arms were around me, her leathered face a twisted, contorted, terrified thing. I felt her shaking against me, and my own knees threatened to buckle beneath me.

"Oh, my God!" whimpered Maisie Melvin. "Did you hear that?"

I had heard it, indeed. Somewhere outside our door had come a jangling noise. The sound that keys—on a key ring—make when they rattle against each other.

"He's out there," Maisie whispered. "He's been listening. I'm afraid—afraid!"

"There, there, Maisie," I consoled her. "The door's locked." I didn't know whether it was locked or not. I disengaged her arms, went to the telephone, lifted the receiver. When the operator answered, I said:

"Please send a boy up at once with a dollar in dimes."

I hung up. It was a ridiculous request, but if any one were outside, they would go away when the boy came down the corridor. We waited nervously. After a while some one rapped on the door.

"Who is it?" I asked.

"Bellboy."

I swung the door open, gave the curious bellboy who stood there a dollar bill in exchange for his dimes. I looked up and down the hall. It was clear.

"Does a watchman go up and down here—with keys?" I asked the bellboy.

"Yes, ma'am."

"That'll be all," I said, returning to him most of the dimes. I felt a little foolish. I turned to Maisie to allay her fears. I did not have a chance to speak.

"I must go, Mrs. Thacker."

"But," I protested, "you were going to tell me . . ."

She shook her head as she shuffled hurriedly toward me and the open door.

"Not now. I'm afraid. I shouldn't have come . . ."

She was already through the open doorway, so pale and unsteady on her feet that I was alarmed. I put an arm about her, led her to her door. I offered to go in with her. She would not have it.

I returned to my own room. I climbed into bed and switched off the bed lamp and tried to push all of the awful memory of those past few hours from my mind. And after a while I fell into a deep, exhausted sleep.

THE morning was bright and cheerful. I had breakfast and went to Gaston Means' suite to work on *The Strange Death of President Harding*.

He was brimming with enthusiasm.

"You know, Mrs. Thacker," he said earnestly, "I think this book is going to be a bigger thing than either of us realizes."

His face was a smiling, almost bashful face—the guileless face of a rural yokel.

"I want this book to be a success. People think I'm some sort of vicious animal. I want this book to be my vindication—to show the other side of the picture. I want that—not so much for myself"—his voice dropped—"but for Julie and Billy." He smiled, the dimples deep in his fat cheeks. "And I want you to make a lot of money, too," he added warmly.

Such was the hypnotic enchantment of this strange man that the night before slipped from my memory like a banished nightmare. Forgotten was Maisie Melvin. Forgotten was dead Maude King. Forgotten were the other tragic victims of Gaston B. Means of whom, shortly, this story must concern itself.

Jess Smith, the pathetic suicide, who was guided with devilish ingenuity to his doom; Harry Daugherty, for-

mer Attorney General; Mrs. Helen Gould Shepard; Mr. and Mrs. Ralph M. Easley of Park Avenue's National Civic Federation; and the distinguished and gracious woman who had not yet become the victim of this fat human spider—Mrs. Evalyn Walsh McLean.

Of all of these—when Gaston Means spoke and smiled and dimpled—I was unmindful. For, in my own minor way, I too was to be one of Gaston Means' victims.

I never got to speak to Maisie again while at the Commodore.

And then, one day years later, I got a letter from her. She was back living with Mrs. Smith in Chevy Chase, Maryland. She begged me to come to see her.

Mrs. Maybelle Smith's mother had been a friend of Maisie's for many years.

She met me at the door, her face grave. "You're just in time, Mrs. Thacker," she said. "Maisie is dying."

WE talked for a moment before going upstairs. She told me that the wretched old woman had come to her house at three o'clock one morning. Gaston and Julie Means, it seems, had moved to a home in Chevy Chase, bringing Maisie with them and putting her in an attic room where one of the colored servants slept.

On this particular night, Means and Julie had been drinking—and quarreling. After midnight, Maisie had been awakened by Julie, who, not too drunk to be frightened, begged Maisie not to let Bud kill her.

The two women huddled in the darkness, frightened, as they heard Means stagger heavily upstairs. He came into the room groping and cursing until his hand found the switch and flooded the attic with light.

Maisie saw him, fist upraised, start toward Julie. He was bellowing drunkenly, and was stark naked.

He chased Julie about the attic, raging and cursing, while Maisie and a terrified colored girl servant looked on. He cornered her and began beating her mercilessly. She slipped under his flailing arms, finally, and ran downstairs. Maisie followed down later. Gaston Means found the old woman there, telephoning for an ambulance.

He was furious. He lifted Maisie bodily, carried her across the room and literally threw her out of the house.

Bruised and half hysterical, Maisie had reached the Smith home in the early hours of that same morning. A doctor had been summoned that same day, for Maisie was very ill for many days afterward.

"How did he diagnose her illness?" I asked.

Mrs. Smith's words sent a chill through me.

"Some form of ptomaine poisoning," she replied.

And now Maisie was dying.

We went to a rear bedroom. Another woman—a friend who had known Maisie for years—was in the room. I looked at the gaunt, wasted creature who lay in the bed. Her parchment face was shriveled and bloodless; her hands, outside the sheet, white as wax. I leaned down over her.

"Maisie," I whispered, "do you know me?"

Her glassy eyes opened. A flicker of recognition came into them. Her lips moved. I leaned closer.

"Mrs. Thacker," she whispered. "That night in the hotel, I wanted to tell you . . . I wanted . . ."

Her words choked off suddenly. A ghastly rattle came to replace them, and I saw her frail body shake for a moment before she was still.

Maybelle Smith, her own eyes tear-filled, gently pulled the sheet up over the lifeless form of her old friend.

"Poor old soul," she said softly.

I said nothing—aloud. But my eyes were on the sheeted outline of Maisie Melvin's body.

"Some day, Maisie," I promised, "I'll find out what it was you wanted to tell me. I'll find out how Maude died."

I did not realize, as I took that vow, that—ironically enough—it would be Gaston Means himself who finally would enable me to keep it.

What are the untold secrets behind the mysterious death of Maude King? How did Mrs. Thacker obtain the sensational, heretofore unpublished details of what really happened at Blackwelder's Spring? You'll find the answers in next week's installment, with other revelations anent Means' career.

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Petticoat Luck

BY HILDA MAUCK

ILLUSTRATION BY
JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

A swift, surprising story
of adventure by night and
the female of the species—
this one had red hair!

READING TIME

23 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

Ben pulled off the cap. "Is this Phil's idea of a joke?" he demanded in a fury.

A COLD and determined rain had set in by the time Ben and his helper and the clumsy slow-moving catamaran finished their ten-o'clock trip across the river.

A swell beginning for a night on the river! thought Ben, as he tied the catamaran up to the bank. The afternoon crew always got the breaks. Their shift had ended with the nine-o'clock trip—they were snug and warm in town by this time.

He didn't mind the rain—much—for himself. He was learning to ignore the weather. An engineer has to. But he was sorry for his helper, this skinny little kid Phil Brady had sent out as a substitute.

The lanterns made two lonely little pools of light—one here on the catamaran and the other up there on the bank, beside the tent—and the town, miles to the south, pricked a faint pattern of yellow pin points against the horizon. Ben held his wrist down beside the lantern and looked at his watch. Quarter to eleven. Fifteen minutes until time for the next trip.

"Come on up to the tent, kid," he said. "There's an

oilstove in there. Try to stay dry as long as you can."

"I'm all right," the boy said gruffly. He climbed the bank and hunched down under a tree.

Ben shrugged and went into the tent alone—to pray for luck and brood upon Donovan.

This was the tenth and last night at this particular station on the river. If anything happened tonight to interrupt these hourly measurements of the flow of the river, all the findings of the preceding nine days and nights would have to go overboard. And, according to Donovan, Ben would go with them.

To Ben, in his newly acquired pessimism, it seemed bitterly incredible that ten whole days and nights could go by without some major disaster. There was a jinx hovering over this vast detailed survey of the power of the river, and to Donovan, that thundering black Irishman in charge of the survey, Ben was the jinx.

Ben called the boy again. No answer. That rain was cold—it would be colder still on the river as the night wore on. He went out and took hold of the boy's arm and dragged him protestingly into the tent.



JAMIE MONTGOMERY FLACC

"Don't be a fool! Take off that jacket and get it as dry as you can. You don't know what you're in for."

Suddenly he began to stare—at the boy's face, at the odd contour of his cap.

He hadn't really looked at the kid until now. He hadn't had a chance. At five minutes past ten, when he had been ready to wring Phil's careless neck, this boy had driven up in a car and scrambled down the bank to the catamaran with the news that Phil was sick.

Now, with a swift movement, he reached over and pulled off the boy's cap. Red curls had been stuffed inside the cap. A girl's pointed big-eyed face looked back at him, scared but defiant.

"Is this that damned Phil's idea of a joke?" Ben demanded in a fury.

She was silent.

"What's back of all this? Why did he send you?"

"What's it to you, as long as I'm here?"

"You're not going to be here long. Jump into your car, baby, and get going."

"No. I got along all right, didn't I?"

That was true enough. She had, in spite of the fact that the helper had the worst end of the job.

All Ben had to do was to sit at a table on the platform of the catamaran, wearing a set of earphones which brought him the ticking of the current meter, and write down the findings in his precious notebook. But the helper had to crouch in the end of one of the boats over which the platform was built, and lower the heavy current meter down into the water and pull it up again, over and over. The girl had managed pretty well.

"The fact remains," he said wearily, "that it's neither the time nor the place for a girl."

He hated her. Two lonely downhill years, after engineering school, of looking for a job. Two months on this, his first job. And now Phil and this red-haired female, between them, had knocked it out from under him. He was done for. You couldn't use a girl on the night shift of an engineering crew.

"Get going, kid."

"No."

"Why?"

"Maybe I need the money."

"For one night's work?"

HE was looking at her clothes. Good riding boots, riding pants, good leather jacket. No, she didn't need the money. Suddenly an idea struck him.

"How sick is Phil?" he shot at her.

She closed her lips firmly. But he held her eyes until she gave up and said, "He's drunk."

Ben's fury transferred itself to Donovan. It had been obvious from the beginning that Phil was too irresponsible for a place—any place!—on an engineering crew. But the town down there by the dam was Donovan's home town, Phil's father was a friend of his, and Donovan had insisted upon giving him the job.

"I'm afraid you don't understand," Ben said more gently. "These trips across the river have to be made every hour, all night, until nearly six tomorrow morning."

"I understood that when I came."

He looked at her curiously. "What about your reputation?"

"Work's a good chaperon," she said indifferently. "Anyway, nobody knows I came. The rest of my crowd drove to a dance seventy miles away, and won't be home before morning. They think I went home—my father thinks I went to the dance."

He shook his head. "I'm sorry. It won't do. It's too tough for a girl. But before you go, let's have a little truth meeting. This is touching devotion you've displayed tonight, but he isn't worth it."

"A truth meeting?" her eyes flashed. "Swell! That gives me the chance I've been waiting for. This is touching gallantry you're displaying, but it won't pay your salary! It's my impression that it's fairly important to the company not to miss a single trip!"

Fairly important! Ben winced. The success of the company's lawsuit might depend upon it!

There were already two gaps in this ten-day period of flow measurements, when minor mishaps had prevented trips across the river. Donovan had shouted in a fury that if they missed one more hourly trip, he'd throw out the whole ten days' work and start again. The implication had been plain that he would start again without Ben. The feeling had grown upon Ben that Donovan was actually hoping he would fail.

He looked at the girl doubtfully. She was a fool to do this for a little heel like Phil. But, after all, that was her business, wasn't it? And finishing out the night, which meant holding on to his own job—his first job!—was a matter of such desperate importance.

"It is now three minutes after eleven o'clock," said the girl. "It's two miles to the nearest telephone, eight miles to town. It would take a good deal of telephoning and at least one hour to get a man out here."

Ben felt himself weakening, and was ashamed. "It won't be any picnic," he warned.

She said crisply, "I didn't expect it to be a picnic."

Ben gave up. "O. K.," he said. "Let's go."

But his mind was far from easy as they stepped out into the rain and slid down the muddy bank. It was a black dank night—a miserable night for a girl to be out on the river without shelter of any kind. But she flattered him when she called his hesitation gallantry. Part of it was due to a deep-rooted superstition against mixing women and work; he couldn't help feeling that her presence on the job was like an open-armed invitation to disaster.

It seemed odd to have a girl crouching there in one of the boats. Rain ran down her cheeks and the sides of her lantern—down her neck undoubtedly—but she ignored it and went calmly on with the job.

Ben had his own difficulties when it rained like this, but he had a special contraption for such nights—a box to set on his table, with his slicker draped over the top, its open side turned toward him so that he could keep his notebook and flashlight inside and reach in there to do his writing.

They worked together smoothly. The girl's cheerful "O. K.!" when she had the current meter down to the proper depth and had snubbed the cable securely around a post, was Ben's cue to catch the beginning of a minute on his stop watch, count the ticks the meter sounded in his ears until the minute was up, and write the figures down carefully and neatly in his precious notebook. And his "Let her down!" when that was done was her cue to lower the current meter until the next marker on the cable bobbed at the surface of the water.

They finished the readings at the first testing station, released the pull wire—which had to be tucked down under a pair of hooks while they were working, to hold the catamaran steady—and pulled farther out into the river to the next station; worked their way slowly across the river, then hauled themselves, hand over hand on the pull wire, back to the home bank.

They finished that second trip with nearly half an hour to spare.

It was snug and dry and warm in the tent. The rain battered the canvas, but inside, the toy stove gave off delicious warmth, the lantern filled the tiny space with a mellow glow, the girl's eyes shone warm and sherry-brown, and the coffee Ben had put on to boil was beginning to shed a powerful and homelike fragrance.

The girl seemed to want to talk, and, since she was alert and interested in everything pertaining to the job, Ben found himself telling her about it, explaining why this survey was being made.

"You see," he said, "the dam down there was built by an old man named Curtis, of Chicago. He still owns it, outright. The Riverport power company made a contract with him about a year ago to buy all the water power the dam supplied, whatever that amounted to. Old Curtis claims now that there's a lot more power available there than they've been paying him for."

WHAT'S he going to do about it?"

"He's taken it to court. He's suing for the difference between his figures and the company's. And the power company has hired us, Burke & Burke—a big Chicago firm of consulting engineers—to make this detailed survey of the river. It's a big long-drawn-out job. I suppose you know, from Phil, all about these hourly measurements we're taking now—ten days and nights at a time, at three different stations on the river. This is the second ten-day period we're finishing tonight. But that's only a fraction of the survey as a whole."

"As Donovan says," he admitted, "you can't do any guessing when you're collecting evidence for a lawsuit. Especially when there's so much money involved. Old Curtis's figures and the power company's figures are fifty thousand dollars a year apart."

The girl nodded. "A cool five million altogether."

Ben was startled. "How did you know that?"

"Well—fifty thousand a year—don't all big contracts like that run for ninety-nine years?"

When the twelve-o'clock trip was over they had coffee again and he shared his sandwiches with her.

He was still uncomfortable about the irregularity of the situation—a man and a strange girl alone together, hugging the same stove in the middle of the night in a six-by-eight tent. His discomfort increased gradually with the discovery that she was not only a strange girl but a startlingly attractive one. The coffee and the fire warmed and brightened her cheeks, and her brilliant hair curled softly about her face. She was small-boned—daintily made. Not skinny.

She asked him how he happened to get this job.

"I had a letter from the dean of my engineering school to the head of the firm," he said. "I think they went to college together—good friends anyway. I hounded him for two years, and finally, when they started this survey, he sent me down to Donovan."

The coffee loosened his tongue as if it were liquor—the coffee and the girl together. Before he knew it, he was telling her about those two years of job-hunting after graduation.

The night wore on. The rain had stopped, but there were no stars, no moon. If the girl grew tired she kept it to herself. Hour after hour they worked their way slowly across the hustling river, threading its blackness with their lanterns, puncturing its rushing silence with their rhythmic signals.



HILDA MAUCK

describes herself as just "a happily married commonplace housewife," in spite of the many short stories and the novel she has to her credit. She went to Grinnell College and now lives in Lawrence, Kansas, with her husband, Charles H. Holmes.

EVERY time they started out, Ben knew, in his superstitious bones, that something would happen. Women and work wouldn't mix. But each trip went more smoothly than the last; every wait on shore laid another brick on the path to friendship. At four thirty, with only one more trip ahead, he realized that the night was over and he was about to lose her.

She yawned and stretched. Her face was dirty and her short curls were damp and hopelessly tousled.

"I'm tired," she said, "but it's been fun, hasn't it?"

Too much fun, Ben thought pessimistically, and crossed fingers for luck. They weren't through yet. She was a grand girl—a girl in a million. He was beginning to fight against a quaking blissful feeling that she was the only girl. But that didn't change her into a rabbit's foot, on a job like this.

"It's deadly usually," he said. "And of course I get the night shift every time."

"Why?"

"Oh, Donovan loves me like a mother-in-law, the old devil!" He flushed. "Bad business, talking about the boss. Maybe you know him."

"I think I've seen him."

He paused for a moment before he spoke again. He knew better. It was bad business to complain about your employer to an outsider. But he felt the necessity, now, of proving the truth of what he had already said.

"Everything's gone wrong on this job," he said slowly. "And, no matter what happens, Donovan blames me. One of the crew chopped his foot with an ax when we were building the catamaran. My fault. One night a log came floating down the river and tore the current meter loose from its cable. An act of God, as far as I could see. But I got the credit. Donovan's practically told me that if one more accident occurs, no matter what, he'll struggle along from then on without me."

"What reason does he give for blaming you?"

Ben grinned. "What's reason to an Irishman?"

Her answering grin grew broader and broader, until she giggled outright. "A foreign language," she said. But a moment later she was studying him soberly and asking, "And you don't know why he doesn't like you?"

Ben's grin faded. "No, I don't. I may not reek with charm, but I never had any trouble getting along with anybody before." He slanted a look down at her. "Speaking of my charm . . . are you engaged to Phil?"

"No."

"To any one?"

"No."

"Any reason why I shouldn't see you again?"

"Any reason why you should?" Plenty of reason, but it was none of her business—yet. He looked stern. "I never take any lip from employees," he said.

She grinned and said brazenly, "That wasn't lip, that was hope!"

He retreated with haste. "So is this," he said, searching his pockets for a cigarette. "Vain hope. Did you take the last one out of that package I gave you?"

"Oh! I'm sorry, honestly. I think there are some in my car." She half rose, but he pushed her back, picked up the flashlight, and went out to her car.

The thing that caught the flashing disk of light and held it was not the package of cigarettes lying on the seat, but the driver's license, hung against the instrument board. Moira Donovan was the name.

In a rage that might have been borrowed from Donovan himself, Ben went back to the tent.

"What's the gag, Miss Donovan?"

A slow painful crimson began to burn brightly in her face. "How did you . . . Oh, my license!"

"When you tell papa what I think of him, don't expect him to be surprised."

She got to her feet, fixed her eyes steadily on his, and said, "You will please apologize for that."

HE looked back at her as steadily for a long minute. Then he shrugged. "O. K. You came to save your boy friend's job for him. Baiting me was just a side line."

"I never had a date with Phil Brady in my life!" she said passionately. "I came to help you. That's why I came! I did help you, too—I've saved your job for you!"

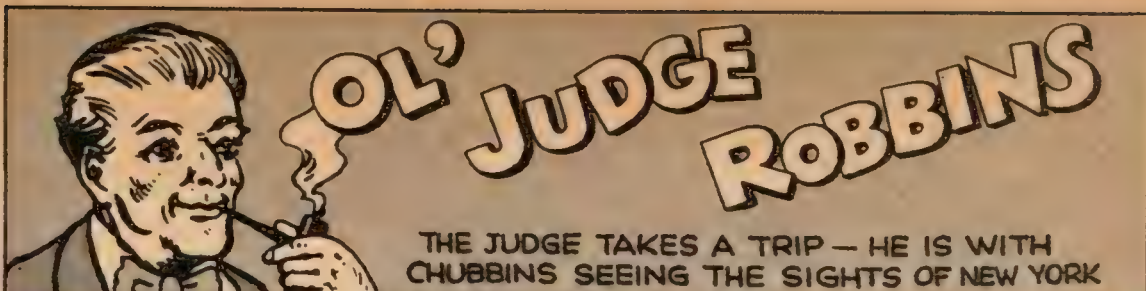
"Yes?" said Ben, icily incredulous. "You had heard what a deserving young man I am, and so you . . ."

"You're darned right I've heard about you," she said hotly. "Too much! That's why I knew what you were up against. Dad's grand if you know him, and terrible if you don't. The firm sent you down here instead of letting him hire his own man—that's why he doesn't like you! It always makes him furious. I've had to listen to him rave and paw the air every time something went wrong out here—blaming you, when even I could tell it wasn't your fault!"

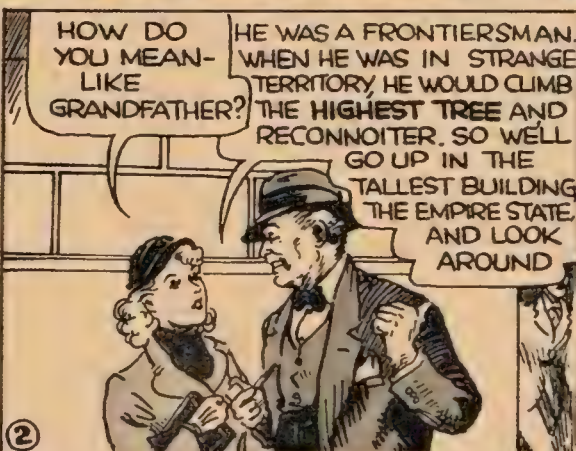
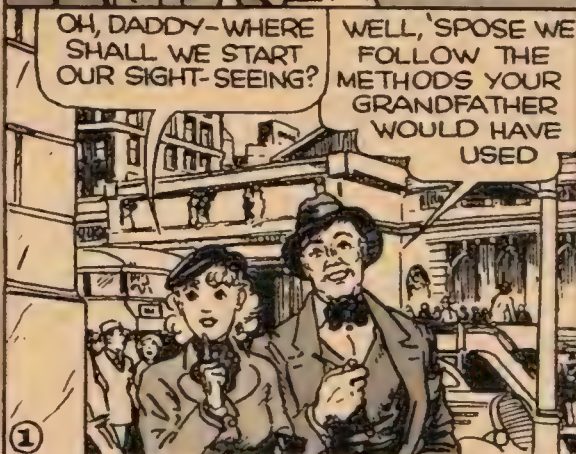
"Phil and I were out in the same crowd this evening—last night, I mean. Phil got tighter and tighter. When the rest of the crowd decided to go to Middleton to the dance, Phil said to hell with the job, he'd go too. I knew this was the tenth night—I knew what it meant to you. But I didn't dare go to dad. So I dashed home and threw on these clothes, and tore up the road, trying to get out here on time. And that's all!" she finished, glaring.

It was Ben's turn at embarrassment. His face was rapidly burning to a crisp. "I—I apologize again," he stammered. "And—thank you."

He was awed by the miracle of par-



THE JUDGE TAKES A TRIP — HE IS WITH CHUBBINS SEEING THE SIGHTS OF NEW YORK



TRY P.A. ON THIS MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE!

SMOKE 20 FRAGRANT PIPEFULS OF PRINCE ALBERT. IF YOU DON'T FIND IT THE MELLOWEST, TASTIEST PIPE TOBACCO YOU EVER SMOKED, RETURN THE POCKET TIN WITH THE REST OF THE TOBACCO IN IT TO US AT ANY TIME WITHIN A MONTH FROM THIS DATE, AND WE WILL REFUND FULL PURCHASE PRICE, PLUS POSTAGE.

(Signed) R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.



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PRINCE ALBERT
THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

"I was run-down—

"...looked pale...
lacked a keen appetite...
was underweight...felt
tired."

"What did I do?"

MY intuition told me I needed a tonic. Naturally, I am happy and grateful for the benefits S.S.S. Tonic brought me."

You, too, will be delighted with the way S.S.S. Tonic whets up the appetite...improves digestion...restores red-blood-cells to a healthier and richer condition.

Feel and look like your old self again by taking the famous S.S.S. Tonic treatment to rebuild your blood strength...restore your appetite...and make better use of the food you eat.

S.S.S. Tonic is especially designed to build sturdy health...its remarkable value is time tried and scientifically proven...that's why it makes you feel like yourself again.

At all drugstores in two convenient sizes. The large size at a saving in price. There is no substitute for this time tested remedy. No ethical druggist will suggest something "just as good."

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entage. How could a girl like that be Donovan's daughter?

It was still dark when they embarked on the last trip, but the sky in the east was beginning to pale. They finished the trip over without apparent mishap. When Moira released the pull wire at the third from the last station it snapped out from its hooks too suddenly and she gave a sharp exclamation. But when Ben said, "Are you hurt?" she said quickly, "No, I'm all right. I'm tired, though. Can you pull us by yourself?"

She worked slowly and clumsily during the next and the final tests. But they finished at last.

Her face looked white and pinched by that time, and he was wrenched with compunction. "Let's stop long enough for a cigarette," he suggested.

"Better not," she warned, and he grinned understandingly. Donovan came out early every morning.

In spite of himself, the immediate future began to look warmer and brighter than it had in the last two years. For the next few weeks he'd be working in town, with his evenings free. It might take some arranging, but . . . Oh, to hell with Donovan! He was going to see this daughter of Donovan's as often as she'd let him.

That mood of swaggering confidence lasted until they reached mid-stream on the way home. Then something lunged into them with a shivering crash, and the catamaran jerked horribly under their feet. Ben had the pull wire for support; but it caught Moira just as she was stepping into one of the boats. She lost her balance, grabbed at the pull wire—caught it, lost her footing in the boat completely, and went toppling into the water.

BEN tightened his own hold on the wire and reached to get her. But at that instant the whole catamaran jerked again, like an echo, as the log that had hit it bumped and scraped its way around the boat Moira had just left. The platform went out from under Ben's feet and he splashed down into the river beside her, still hanging desperately to the wire. His head went under, and by the time he came up the catamaran had swung definitely away from them. It was anchored against the current, of course; a cable was stretched across the river upstream, and the catamaran was attached to that by means of a pulley which permitted it to travel back and forth across the river. But it was freed now from any contact with the pull wire, and it had swung back a good ten feet toward the opposite bank.

The table had fallen in, and was skimming swiftly downstream. One cool corner of Ben's brain registered that fact. His notebook had been on that table.

He began trying to inch his way along the wire—away from Moira, back toward the catamaran. But his hands were soon so numb with cold, the wire so small, and the pull of the current so strong, that he saw that

was impossible. And the wire was slack. Their combined weight pulled it down under the surface. Moira couldn't last, this way, more than a few minutes.

He began to think of Donovan—to pray that Donovan, for some divinely established reason, might come out to the job earlier than usual. There was an extra boat tied up over there at the bank. If he left Moira alone on the wire, with her head well above the water, she might be able to hold on for some time.

"Can you—hold it a while?" he gasped to Moira.

She was hanging on with one elbow hooked over the wire. She gave him a look that said yes.

"I'll be—back," he said, wondering if he would, and was stabbed by the look of terrified protest on her set white face when she realized he was about to leave her. But even if he didn't get back, she had one chance in a thousand alone. Together they had none.

HE filled his lungs and let go of the wire. The current was vicious, relentless. He plowed his way across the ten feet that yawned between him and the catamaran, battling desperately to reach it. But the current was too strong. He missed the corner and then he was beyond it. It was hopelessly out of reach.

He felt winded and battered already. But he turned away from the catamaran then, and set a dogged diagonal course for the home bank—fighting his way slowly to the right, foot by exhausting foot, as the current swept him downstream. He made the bank at last, a hundred yards downstream from the pull wire and the extra boat—gasping for breath.

He started running up the muddy bank. Twice his chilled legs betrayed him and sent him sprawling. And when he reached the extra boat, the oars were gone. He had forgotten that. The oars were kept on the catamaran for use in emergencies. He cursed through teeth that were chattering like castanets, and dragged the boat into the river beneath the catamaran's pull wire. Then he crouched on his knees in the prow, and hauled himself slowly hand over hand on the wire out toward Moira.

It was an agonizing trip. His only anchorage was the pull wire, and his hands were far too numb to keep dependable holds on it. If he lost his grip for a second, he'd be lost—either floundering in the river again, his strength gone, or headed downstream in a boat without oars. And Moira would be left dangling on that wire alone, with only the river and the sky for company.

When he reached her at last, her face was blue with cold. She managed to give him a flicker of a grin. She knew what to do—hung on valiantly until he had his own elbow hooked securely about the wire, and the other arm about her waist. Then she let go and grabbed the boat, and he hauled her over the side.

By the time they reached the bank again, Donovan was there waiting, his eyes burning black holes in a pasty face. A new Donovan, a tower of strength and gentleness, who wasted not a second in recriminations.

Ben opened his eyes many hours later from the deep sleep of exhaustion, to find himself in a strange bed, and Moira, wearing a woolly green robe, bending over him.

She sat down on the side of the bed. "How do you feel? You slept so long I was afraid there was something the matter."

This was Donovan's house. Donovan himself had helped him undress, had hovered anxiously by while the doctor looked him over. An incredible, unreal Donovan. The real one had emerged to bellow his orders only when Ben had insisted—with difficulty, on account of his chattering teeth—upon going home.

"FEEL swell," he said now, stretching experimentally. When he could tear his feasting eyes away from her face, he saw that her left arm was in a sling.

He sat up quickly. "What's that for? Did you get hurt when you went overboard?"

"Before that. When we were on the way over, that last time. The wire flew up and hit me. It isn't broken. I sprained my wrist, that's all."

"You little fool!" He said it loudly and fiercely, to keep his voice from cracking. "You mean you went on and finished the trip—worked that current meter up and down with one hand?"

"We were so nearly through," she said meekly. "And I didn't know it was really sprained."

He lay back and stared at her.

"I still don't get it," he said slowly.

"Get what?"

"Why you should do all you've done for me—for some one you never saw before in your life."

That deep slow blush he remembered so well from last night spread over her face and neck. But she refused to be flustered by it. She said serenely, "Who said I'd

never seen you before? I've even danced with you."

He shook his head. "Not with me. I've got a better eye than that."

"Do you remember Whitey Crandall? He invited me up to a dance once, when he was a freshman. I was young and green and my clothes were terrible and I couldn't dance. You were a senior and a campus big shot, but you weren't too busy to notice what a pitiful time the little twirp was having. You danced with me three times."

He remembered that pathetic kid—very, very dimly.

"And that's why . . ." he said, still unbelieving.

She nodded vigorously. "You'll always be a hero to this fluttering girlish heart."

He caught her hands in his with sudden seriousness.

"Keep on remembering me, will you, Moira? I'll be back some time."

"Be back some time!" she echoed in amazement.

"You're not still worrying about your job! Don't you think dad sets any store by his only daughter? Aren't you the boy that fished her up from a watery grave?"

He shook his head. "He's got a good reason for firing me this time."

"What's reason to an Irishman?"

"The trouble with me is," he complained, "I don't use any judgment. I rescued you and let my notebook go."

"Notebook?"

"It was on the table. It had the night readings for both ten-day periods! Twenty days and twenty nights—three weeks' work—at the bottom of the river!"

"Not with a Donovan in there pitching," said Moira. "You were doing the pulling on the way home, remember? And I straightened everything up. I put your notebook and fountain pen and headphones down in one of the boats, underneath your slicker."

Ben leaned weakly back against his pillows.

"You wouldn't fool me?"

"Well—not this time, anyway."

He began to beam. "Get a woman on the job," he said complacently, "and you can't fail!"

THE END



WAR DECLARED ON UNSAFE TIRES

War Dispatch By
EDDIE RICKENBACKER
Ace of War Aces

FROM my "reserved seat" in the sky amid the thunder of anti-aircraft guns, I have seen our boys mowed down on shell-torn battle fields like blades of grass. Yes, I thought that in those hectic years of strife the loss of American life had reached an all-time high.

But I was wrong. In 1936 nearly 38,000 American motorists were killed in accidents. Included in this appalling total are thousands of motorists who are killed or injured every year when blow-outs throw cars out of control—thousands upon thousands of car owners who do not seem to realize that one great factor in safe motoring is safe tires.

EDDIE RICKENBACKER

Goodrich has mobilized an army of

36,000 Goodrich dealers whose main objective is to replace unsafe, tread-worn tires with new, safe, full-treaded tires—tires that provide motorists with real protection against high-speed blow-outs.

Their ammunition is the Goodrich Safety Silvertown—the only tire built with the Life-Saver Golden Ply. This is a layer of special rubber and full-floating cords, scientifically treated to resist the terrific blowout-causing heat generated inside all tires by today's high speeds. By resisting this heat, the Golden Ply prevents the great, unseen cause of high-speed blow-outs.



Keep off the 1937 casualty list. Join the "safety first" army by starting to ride on Goodrich Golden Ply Silvertowns today. Remember, these life-saving tires that also give you months of extra trouble-free mileage actually cost much less than other super-quality tires.

HEAT CAUSES BLOW-OUTS.
PREVENT THOSE
BLOW-OUTS WITH THIS
HEAT-RESISTING
GOLDEN PLY



Goodrich SAFETY Silvertown

With Life-Saver Golden Ply Blow-Out Protection

"Please pass the

SAFETY FIRST—
friendliness too!

DO YOU KNOW

—that the railroads employ more men than the steel industry and the automobile industry combined?

—that railroads are the nation's largest industry other than agriculture?

—that more than 100,000 men have been added to railroad payrolls within the past year?

—that the "shopping list" of the American railroads contains over 70,000 different items?

—that during the last ten years the railroads have spent nearly one billion dollars annually for materials and supplies for use in their every-day operation, thus providing employment to hundreds of thousands of men and women?

—that more than half of every dollar spent by the railroads goes for the wages of railroad men?

—that the railroads pay approximately one million dollars a day in taxes — taxes which send 1,600,000 children to school, and contribute substantial support to public institutions, highway construction, and general government expense?

RAILWAY EXPRESS

—serves America's shippers: big industries, growers of berries and other perishable products, and individuals through 23,000 offices located along 213,000 miles of railroads from coast to coast... 57,000 Railway Express employees pick up, forward and deliver America's perishable goods and general merchandise... Every day 10,009 trains carry these goods to great centers and remote villages

in all parts of America... A fleet of over 10,000 Railway Express motor vehicles delivers shipments to and from these trains in all cities and principal towns, without extra charge... Shipments of perishables and merchandise by Railway Express travel with the same safety, directness and economy that have made American Railroads the envy of the world.

berries-1200 miles'

WHAT does it mean to you and yours when you read that "the speed of freight trains has been stepped up 43% in recent years"?

—or that "the railroads haul a ton of freight a mile at rates averaging less than a penny"?

Right on your breakfast table you'll find a part of the answer—in things you take for granted in this day of modern miracles.

Fresh berries, for example, travel by rail an average of 1,200 miles before they're served.

The butter for your toast averages 927 miles by rail.

The rail mileage of cereals is 627 on the way to the breakfast table—and of eggs it's 1,353.

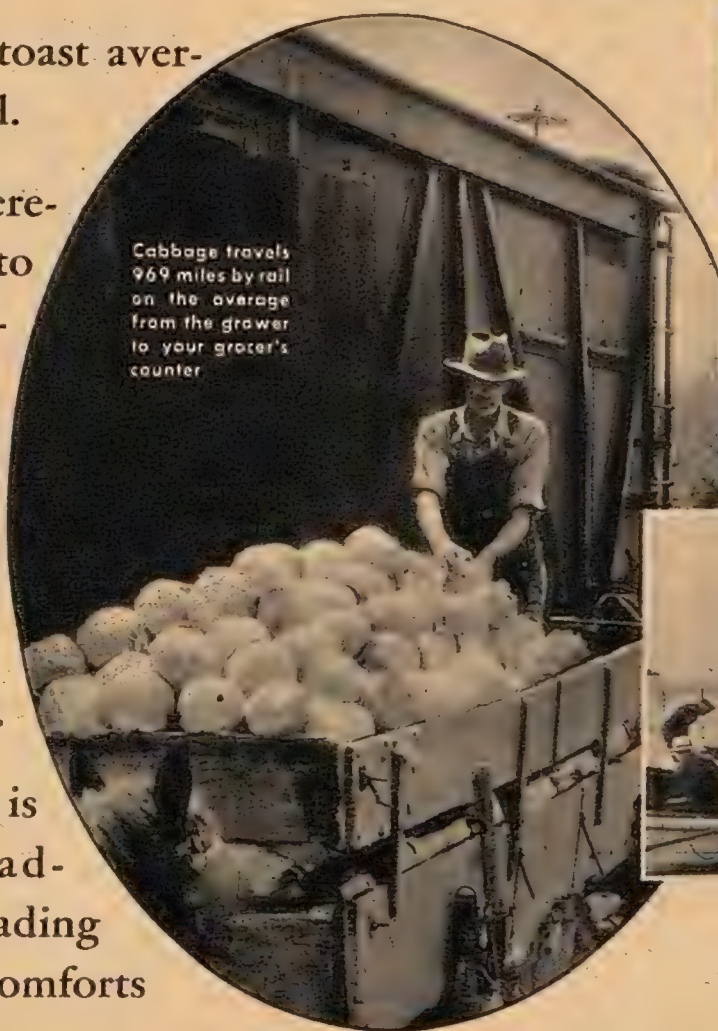
Or if you want some really big figures, you can take oranges or grapefruit—they average 2,125 miles by rail.

And the amazing fact is that many of the advancements in railroading which make these comforts

possible were developed during hard times.

Steadily, in tough years as well as good, the railroads have pushed forward—laying heavier rails, developing better brakes and more powerful engines, speeding up the sorting of cars and doing many other things that the public seldom sees, in order to give better service.

No wonder a railroad man is proud of his job—and proud of the enterprise which keeps American railroads in the forefront as *the finest transportation system in the world.*



Cabbage travels 969 miles by rail on the average from the grower to your grocer's counter.



Your share of the total freight hauled each year, if you have an average family, is two tons of agricultural products, one-half ton of live stock and animal products.



Flood defied to bring in food! Over the railroads came trainloads of food for stricken communities and homeless refugees by the hundred thousands rode by train to safety.

ASSOCIATION OF
AMERICAN RAILROADS

"MISTER,
CAN YOU
SPARE A
DIME?"



10¢ buys 4 super-sharp Treect Blades — so keen they slide through your whiskers without a pull or pang.

Your skin doesn't *feel* and your beard can't *resist* Treect's long-life edge.

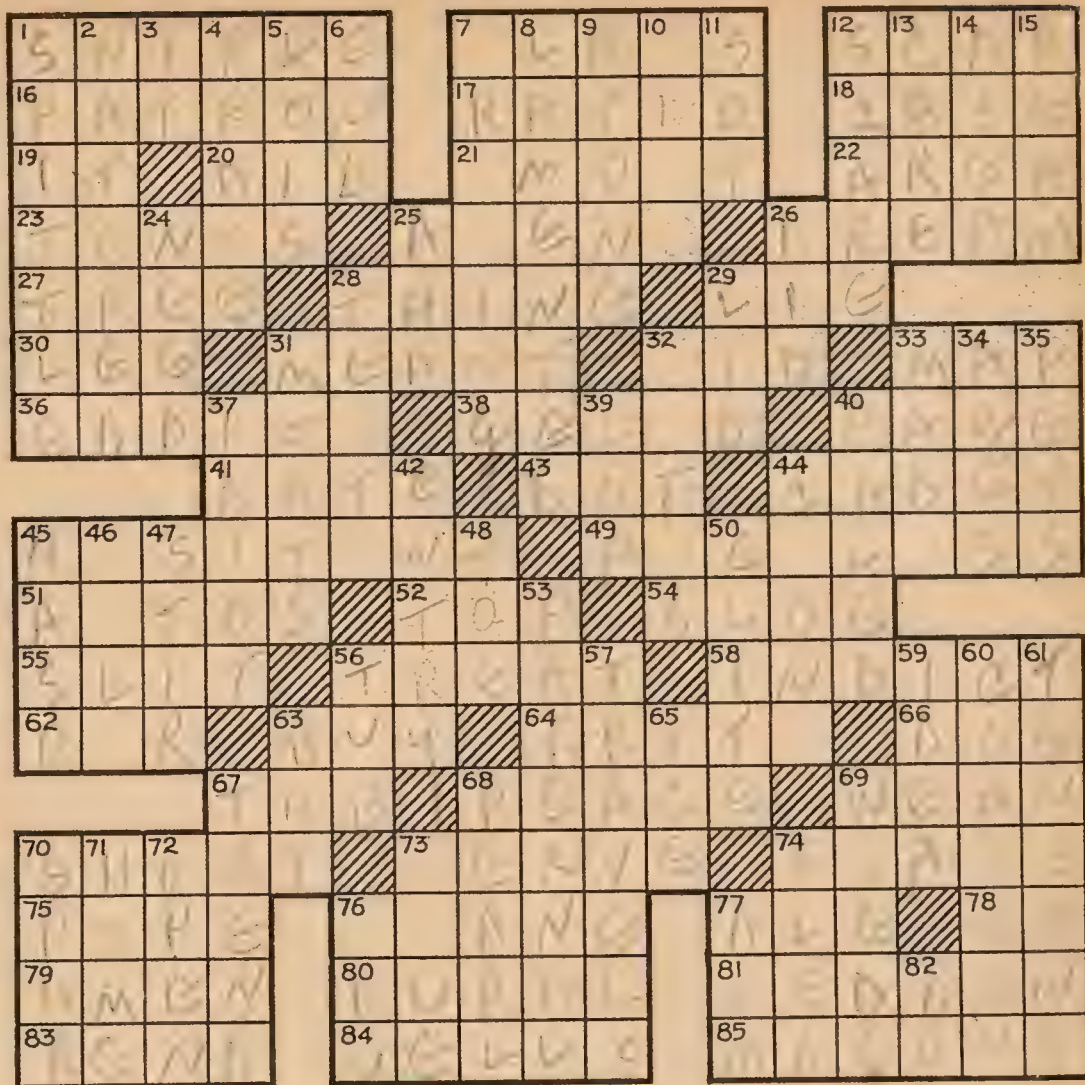
Be comfortable! Be thrifty! Shave with Treect Single-edge Blades!

Treect Safety Razor Corporation
Newark, New Jersey

Treect
T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
BLADES

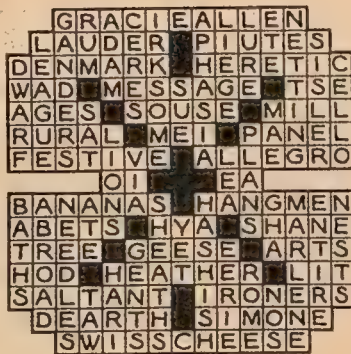
**FIT GEM AND
EVER-READY RAZORS**

CROSSWORDS



HORIZONTAL

- 1 Part of a flail
- 7 Yellow iris (pl.)
- 12 A cicatrix
- 16 Customer
- 17 Proportion
- 18 Container
- 19 Pronoun
- 20 Help
- 21 Spiritless; dejected
- 22 Region
- 23 Shelters of canvas
- 25 A catkin
- 26 Fanciful creation of the imagination
- 27 Perennial plant
- 28 Yours
- 29 Deception
- 30 Sheltered side
- 31 Intended
- 32 Surrounded by
- 33 Plan
- 36 Swirls
- 38 Frozen
- 40 A hotel bellboy
- 41 A fruit
- 43 Dowry
- 44 Military student
- 45 Not prompt
- 49 Matchless
- 51 Tenor violins
- 52 A toy
- 54 Wild plum
- 55 A long cut
- 56 Minister to
- 58 To charge with a crime
- 62 Parity
- 63 Purchase
- 64 Vapid
- 66 Deer
- 67 Tag or flap
- 68 Tranquillity



Answer to last week's puzzle

- 69 Alienate the affections
- 70 Brief
- 73 Labor in behalf of
- 74 Dreads
- 75 Church dignitary
- 76 Carpenter's tool
- 77 Beverage
- 78 Thus
- 79 A word of ratification
- 80 Of the country
- 81 Rosier
- 83 Tear
- 84 Shrieks
- 85 Bricklayer (pl.)

VERTICAL

- 1 Saliva
- 2 Moistened
- 3 Personal magnetism
- 4 Prattle
- 5 Girl's name
- 6 Terminus
- 7 Fashioning
- 8 Mourned for
- 9 Make amends
- 10 Encircled
- 11 Drunkard
- 12 Frighten
- 13 Solicitude
- 14 At sea
- 15 Paper measure
- 24 Require
- 25 Exclamation
- 26 Accomplished
- 28 Coating of a seed
- 29 Cover
- 31 Food (pl.)
- 32 Insects
- 33 Fabricated
- 34 Periods of time
- 35 Fondles
- 37 Dunce
- 39 Cut off
- 40 Lost luster
- 42 An entrance
- 44 Withered old woman
- 45 Door fastening
- 46 Woman's name
- 47 Agitate
- 48 A digit
- 50 Select class
- 53 Fatherly
- 56 A container
- 57 Journeys
- 59 Notion
- 60 Make harsh
- 61 Muscles
- 63 A club
- 65 To frost
- 67 Inclination
- 68 A gem
- 69 Rank vegetation
- 70 To box
- 71 Abode
- 72 Disclose to view
- 73 Twist about
- 74 An insect
- 76 Inspect slyly
- 77 Equip with weapons
- 82 Note of the scale

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

RELEASED FROM CHANCERY

BY LLEWELLYN HUGHES



READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

IN support of this story [Hardisty began] I am prepared only to say that I believe it was not a product of the young lady's imagination, and I must admit that her telling of it gave me the shivers.

(We were gathered around the club bar, and the conversation had turned to supernatural manifestations. Every instance brought up had been gunpowdered by explanation and ridicule by the storyteller himself. Hardisty, the critic, was the last person thought to take a less cynical view.)

Some years ago [Hardisty began again], when I had a city editor's desk in Raleigh, North Carolina, we had with us on the paper there a girl of haunting beauty, her flaming red hair accentuating the pallor of her oval face and giving to her slate-blue eyes an unforgettable sorcery.

Possessed of a quick and keen mentality, she was active on the tennis court, in the swimming pool, and, apart from her unusual appearance, was the average up-to-date young American girl.

Her name was Mary Howard, and she claimed descent from William de Warenne, first Earl of Surrey.

This first Earl of Surrey had, for his services in the Norman Conquest of England, been given the honor of an estate in what is now known as Yorkshire. William Howard, Mary's late father, had spent most of his money in an unsuccessful effort to claim this property.

The estate, an old Tudor mansion built on the ruins of a Norman castle, was in chancery; or, as we have it over here, in equity. That is, the court of chancery refused to give a clear title to the claimants. There could be found no documentary proof of marriage between William Howard's great-grandmother and great-grandfather, the latter being the last rightful heir.

This was the situation at the time I knew Mary Howard. I may say, without impairment to the story, that she has now fully established her claim to the estate, and is living there, in Yorkshire, as Lady Armond, wife of a wealthy English baronet of that name.

Now, the history of the eighteenth-century marriage questioned by the court of chancery is vague and brief. It was the time of the Jacobite disorders, and by some unknown hand the husband was murdered. His bride soon followed him to the grave, surviving just long enough to give birth to a son.

Now, I want you to bear in mind

the fact that William Howard of North Carolina, unable to afford a trip to England in connection with his claims, had been forced to conduct his negotiations from this side of the Atlantic.

Neither he, his wife, nor his daughter—an only child, by the way—knew what the old Tudor mansion looked like, since photographs of it were unavailable.

But the Howards were in possession of the reproduction, in color, of a portrait of their great-grandmother—a great work of art, it was, painted by Gainsborough.

I saw that reproduction myself, and to my astonishment Mary Howard was the living image of the lady in color of hair, salient eyes, oval face, pallor of skin, even to the tapering fingers of her exceptionally beautiful hands. No question of direct ancestry there!

MOST probably born out of her father's long struggle to gain possession of the property, Mary constantly dreamed of an old castle.

Finally, years after the claim had been abandoned as hopeless and William Howard was no longer alive to pursue it, Mary won a trip to England, and, once there, decided to go to Yorkshire and visit the old family estate.

Partly crumbled to ruin, its rectangular windows, its gables, broken and fallen away, it was being dismally looked after by an old withered caretaker who managed to eke out an existence in its moldy interior.

"To my absolute amazement and dismay," Mary Howard told me on her return, "it was the castle of my dreams! The Jacobean doorway, framed with classic forms, starkly presented itself to me in fact. The fantastic chimney treatment I recognized at once.

"The old caretaker kept staring

at me, his mouth drooling, not saying a word. When I asked permission to go inside, he seemed to shrink away from me.

"Everything I saw in the interior I was quite familiar with, through my dreams. The staircase, which I had convinced myself could only have been a figment of my subconscious brain, was actually there before my eyes: a staircase divided into short flights, at right angles to each other, around a central open well. I had walked up and down them a hundred times in my dreams.

"The chimney piece I knew well. Before its frieze and cornice of Tudor design, its rich paneling above, I had often stood vainly trying to warm my chilled hands.

"It held me in a trance. But the shock of it was as nothing to what followed. On a sudden feverish thought, I turned to the caretaker, who seemed stricken with palsy.

"Is this old mansion haunted?" I inquired fearfully.

"His aged eyes took on a terrified expression and his trembling lips barely moved.

"Yes, madam," he said, crossing himself. "It is haunted by you."

THE END



WHAT CHANCE HAVE EDWARD

READING TIME • 7 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

BY FREDERICK LEWIS

Will England welcome them back?—An arresting prophecy of what may follow the wedding the world awaits

THE best known man in the world and the best known woman in the world are about to marry. They have money and position, health and love, and the good wishes of at least five hundred million people.

Yet seldom have bride and groom—according to the prophets of evil—contemplated married life with less apparent chance of happiness.

A few short months ago they were "Lancelot and Elaine," "Abélard and Héloïse." Theirs was "the medalion of romance," "a public idyl, tenderer than Romeo and Juliet," "a rosy cloud in a troubled world."

Then the solemn second-thoughts began getting in their work. This, they thundered, is a practical world. There is work to be done in it. This Edward had a job, a big, important job. He threw it up to frivol his life away with a pretty woman. The man who would do that is a slacker!

And that woman! She did it. She lured the poor boy from the path of duty. She made him spend the taxpayers' money on jewels and automobiles. She wanted to be queen. She thought she *was* queen. And now is she sore!

Without conceding the truth of this revised version of "the greatest story since the Resurrection," it is possible to admit that there was, perhaps, a note of extravagance in the acclaim which greeted King Edward's decision to face the world for love. He was not the first man to give up his career for a woman. There was even some question as to whether his love for Wallis Simpson, however sincere, was the real cause for abandoning it.

But the act of abdication was so epochal, and the manner of doing it so starkly dramatic, that the most hardened among us responded with filling eyes and quickening heart to that brave young voice which bade us all so affecting a farewell.

I am not ashamed of my share in the huzzaing. I think he was not only brave but honorable.

Neither am I willing to accept without a challenge what amounts to an eagerness in some quarters to throw Edward and Wallis Windsor to the lions of marital discord. Most of the seemingly insuperable obstacles which strew their path are strictly social with a big S, and many are based on a misconception of the position in which Edward, as abdicated King of England, will find himself.

Visions rise of impoverished second-rate counts and princes and grand dukes, with their frowzy second-rate wives, haunting the impoverished, second-rate Continental hotels, dodging out of bars to avoid their old friends because they owe them money or would be expected to buy them a meal or a drink. There are few drearier sights in tourist Europe than these "noble" and "royal" parasites—and few commoner ones.

Still other visions rise: grim visions of Wilhelm of Prussia hiding away in Doorn; of Alfonso of Spain drifting rudderless from one proffered haven to another; of Ferdinand of Bulgaria, forgotten in his humble Swiss retreat; of ex-Empress Zita and her children, driven from sanctuary to sanctuary; of Prajadhipok of Siam, marooned ten thousand miles from home in rural England; of Haile Selassie of Ethiopia.

These somber figures, all except Zita, have money. Some of them have a great deal of it. And yet there is an inescapable similarity between their lives and those of the ghosts that haunt Europe's cheaper hostelryes.

But Edward and Wallis Windsor will not be living lives like these. He is a member—to many people, *the* member—of the reigning family of the most powerful nation in the European world, a nation in which there has been no revolution or suspicion of revolution. He is not *déclassé*. His social position is unexceptionable.

As a matter of fact, if Edward and Wallis do elect to



Edward and Wallis will not be living lives like these.

AND WALLIE FOR *Happiness?*

live out of England and not settle down in any one foreign country, all that will happen is that they will continue to live the life to which both are accustomed and in which they have found their greatest happiness.

Edward will be the principal figure in any Continental gathering. Wallis, as his wife, will outshine the most shining of her feminine contemporaries.

There will be nothing stodgy or uninteresting about the life of the Duke and Duchess of Windsor if they choose to spend all the rest of their days in the beautiful places of the world. But, of course, they won't. Even if they wished to, the very government that opposed them would demand their return. England could not afford to have the best known Englishman in the world and the brother of the English King unwilling to go home.

In exile, even though a voluntary one, Edward by his very existence would become a continuing menace to the stability of the throne and the maintenance of law and order in his native land. Misguided friends would be forever plotting his return to kingship. Schemers and demagogues would use his name to foment political discord and Empire disintegration.

At home he can be what he has been from adolescence—the British Empire's most valuable possession.

It is inconceivable that His Majesty's government will not recognize this situation. It is inconceivable that His Majesty's most loyal subject—remember his "God bless you all! God save the King!"—will not listen to the call. As soon as the British public is fully accustomed to George VI being King, and as soon as local feeling against the new Duchess of Windsor has had a chance to cool, Lancelot and Elaine—or, if you will, Abélard and Héloïse—will be digging again in the Fort Belvedere rose garden.

Then, according to our evil augurers, the trouble will really begin. The sight, so they say, of the King of whom they have been robbed riding through the streets with the woman they believe did the robbing, will be like a red rag to John Bull.

A few months ago there would have been truth in that prediction. Nothing, not even being Edward's wife, could have saved Wallis from the insults of those cranks and fanatics who were then assailing her with venomous threats and chalking her name on the hoardings coupled with the foulest obscenities.

But more recently much of this has changed.

When the thunder died away and the clouds parted, it became increasingly clear that Wallis Simpson was the excuse, not the reason, for King Edward's abdication. Not in Edward's mind, of course, but in the minds of the political and clerical powers who decreed his fall.

EVEN in the turmoil of London's week of weeks, when the fate of the Empire seemed hanging in the balance, astute observers sensed the situation. Wrote one: "Edward is being dethroned because he visited the starving Welsh miners and told them something must and will be done about it." Wrote another: "I am convinced that the real motive at work is fear of the King."

All of which is indubitably true. In the opinion of the men who held Britain's destiny in their hands—in their honest opinion I have no doubt—Edward was too modern, too liberal to be allowed to remain on the throne. On the other hand he was too deservedly popular to dislodge—*except* on a moral issue. The divorce proceedings in Mr. Pickwick's old courtroom provided that issue, or, rather, were construed by Edward's enemies as doing so.

Whereupon, as some wit remarked at the time, "Wallis Simpson was declared unconstitutional."

But it was not as Wallis Simpson that she offended. It was as a possible Queen of England that she—an American and a divorcee—was unacceptable.

As the Duchess of Windsor she will be what she might never have been as queen—the First Lady of London.

She will take precedence at all state functions over

every woman in the world except the two queens, and possibly the Duchesses of Gloucester and Kent.

At all private functions, to which neither the two queens nor the two duchesses ever go—except occasionally her good friend and staunch supporter, the Duchess of Kent—Wallis, Duchess of Windsor, will stand unchallenged as the leader of London society.

It is quite probable that neither Edward nor Wallis will wish to take any such prominent place in English social life. Neither is much for formality and show. Yet it is equally probable that, even if they wish to go back to the quiet life they were leading before their fate overtook them, they won't be permitted to do so.

King George, with all his good points, is not a social person. Queen Elizabeth, although loved for her charming smile and her charming daughters by the denizens of Bloomsbury and St. John's Wood, is almost as much a stranger in Mayfair as she was the day she came down from the Scottish hills to marry the King's second son.

THE court of King George and Queen Elizabeth will be a Puritan court—which, morals aside, means a dull court. There will be no great entertainments to fill the pockets of British tradesmen. There will be no influx of free-spending visitors from foreign lands. Even more important in the present Empire situation, such a court, such a capital, holds no glamour for the British colonial.

Edward Windsor, when he returns, will undoubtedly be drafted to overcome this deficiency. He may be drafted for other purposes, too. He may—who knows?—But we won't go into that now. Suffice it to say that the position of political hostess is one that Wallis would grace.

It would seem to be clear, therefore, that no matter which way the arrow pointed for Edward, he would find by his side a congenial and helpful companion. Granted the existence of a real love, what firmer foundation exists on which to base a happy married life?

The whispered suggestions that such a love does not exist would seem to be hardly worthy of consideration.

Wallis's self-appointed judges point to her two marriages, her two divorces. Nonsense! The modern world is full of people who have been divorced once, twice, even three times, and have found at last the one person to whom they remain devoted to the end.

Edward's self-appointed judges point to his dancing army of feminine favorites and protégées: such a philanderer could not be satisfied long with one woman. Nonsense again! Edward has had only two real loves in his life: Mrs. Dudley Ward and the woman he is marrying.

But, say these pessimists, Edward will never be able to forget that he gave up a throne for his wife's sake; and Wallis will always reflect that a less conscientious lover would have fought to keep her and the throne as well.

Both of these eventualities, however, have been so confidently predicted that there is small likelihood of either ever occurring in this unpredictable world.

Much more worthy of consideration is the sometimes expressed opinion that no two people, no matter how much they love each other, can make a success of life together after going through what these two have gone through.

I wonder. It is true that love is a sensitive plant. It is easily bruised by overhandling, easily wilted by overexposure—and the love of these two has every right to be a bit frayed just now from both these causes.

But since the love which brought them together is apparently still strong enough to make them wish to marry, we must conclude that the blows they have received from without, instead of separating them, have driven them into a closer communion within.

If this conclusion is the right one—and I firmly believe that it is—Edward and Wallis Windsor have a better chance than most young married couples of achieving a continuing happiness.

THE END

SHOW-STOPPER—Ella Logan, Scotch youngster and hot-singer, was recommended to the movies by me after seeing her stop shows in vaudeville. Her first picture is *Top of the Town*, and in it the Scotch lassie from Glasgow indicates which way the Hollywood winds are blowing—for they are blowing her to stardom.

G. O. P. HOPE—Thirty-four-year-old Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr., chip off the old Massachusetts block, may be the Moses to lead the elephant out of the political wilderness. He won national attention when he not only stemmed the Democratic landslide last November but also gave Boston's Jim Curley a sound thrashing in the fight for the United States senatorship. He is by all odds the most important young G. O. P. chieftain, and the Elder Statesmen are now grooming him for the honors that so plainly lie ahead of him. Keep your eye on him!



**LIBERTY
PRESENTS**
OWNERS
BY ED SULLIVAN

Who will be the news headliners and stars of the future? Here are selections by Ed Sullivan, noted columnist. He has won acclaim for his prowess in picking promising talent in sports, arts, professions. He chooses these personalities for coming fame. More of his choices in Liberty next week!

WHEN IT'S RAINS—As a result of her spectacular splashing to the Junior National Medley championship, twelve-year-old Helene Rains (at right) is worth her weight in gold medals. She cut twenty-four seconds from the record for the event—serving notice that in the next Olympic Games, when she will be sixteen, this Bronx miss will be a great mermaid, one of the record-breakers.

PACIFIC COASTER—His dad is the famous Rudolf Friml, composer of world-enchancing operettas like *Rose Marie*. He himself (left) is Rudolf Friml, Jr., twenty-five and handsome enough to be a movie hero. Besides assembling a band on Broadway, he's hard at work composing things that even his dad admits are good. Jot down this nomination, so that we can check up a year from now.



I CRASH THE MAJORS

BY JOE DIMAGGIO

AS TOLD TO EMERSON L. SPENCER

ILLUSTRATIONS BY TONY SARG

READING TIME • 7 MINUTES 18 SECONDS

I T was late in April of 1936. My first five months of major-league baseball lay before me. I—Giuseppe (Joe) DiMaggio, graduate of the San Francisco Seals in the Pacific Coast League—was about to play my first game in baseball's fastest company, wearing a New York Yankee uniform.

The big test had come. Would I live up to the columns of press notices which heralded my initiation into the big time? From a crab-fishing wharf in San Francisco Bay to the packed stands of Yankee Stadium is a long jump for a young fellow barely past his twenty-first birthday—but the jump back is a mere hop and a skip, if you get what I mean.

I couldn't help thinking back a month or two to the day I packed my old grip for the Yanks' St. Petersburg training camp in Florida. Lefty O'Doul, the former National League hitting champion, was handing me a bit of advice. Lefty said:

"You've got plenty of natural ability, Joe, but so have a lot of other guys in the big leagues. What you—and all



I liked the way Gehrig said that. Even if I hadn't liked it, I probably would have thought it over. Any athlete as great as Gehrig is worth listening to.

I dug my spikes into the dirt and looked squarely at Knott. I saw the ball coming. A slow curve, just to my liking. I swung, but hit the ball a trifle above my focal point, and it was a grounder to the shortstop—an easy out.

As I walked out to take my place in the field at the start of the second inning I was amazed at how perfectly relaxed I felt. As I came to bat the next time, I was even more amazed. Queer as it may seem, I felt as if it were just another ball game.

For my initiation present I collected three hits out of five trips to the plate, or a .500 percentage for the day. That evening I thought of a lot of things . . . This is easy, this major-league baseball . . . I ought to hit .375, or maybe a cool .400. But I was to change my mind.

Later, as I watched Mel Harder, Lefty Grove, or Schoolboy Rowe toil suavely on the mound, Bill Dickey work behind the plate, the brilliant performances of the quick-thinking Tony Lazzeri in the infield, the all-round play of Earl Averill in the outfield, and in general the hustle, speed, and quick thinking of the American League stars, I found myself saying:

"Joe, if you're going to be a successful major leaguer, you have a lot of high-stepping and thinking to do."

I thought back to what Lefty O'Doul had said. I recalled the words of Ty Cobb, one of baseball's immortals, who once said to me, "Joe, there's one thing to remember when you're up there in the majors. That's to get the jump on the other fellow and be in position to take advantage of every break, however small."

Cobb's advice struck home. I put it alongside that of O'Doul. I then added what Umpire George Moriarty told



The engaging confessions of a rising young man—how it feels to be a sudden star in baseball



ballplayers—must learn is how to use it. In the majors baseball is a cold cruel proposition where you stand on your own feet against the toughest kind of competition.

"No one is going to care an awful lot about what you do up there, Joe, so you'd better start thinking right now—and never stop trying to outthink the other fellow until you're through with the game."

I'll carry Lefty's words through my baseball career. To me they seem like a pretty good description of baseball as played by the game's greatest stars.

As I awaited my turn at the bat in the first inning against pitcher Jack Knott of the St. Louis club, Lou Gehrig put his hand on my shoulder and asked, "Nervous, kid?"

Maybe I should have had a case of jitters. But somehow my temperament has always bordered on the placid side.

"Just take it easy, Joe," Lou continued. "This is only one of a hundred and fifty or so ball games. Just hit like you did back in the old grapefruit league. Relax. And swing in your old groove."



"IRRESISTIBLE"

"It is that. And did you ever stop to consider how much real pleasure there is in a package of Beeman's? Five sticks of chewing gum—pure and wholesome, and loaded with delicious flavor that lasts—and lasts. That airtight wrapping, they tell me, keeps it fresh and preserves its delicate flavor. And don't forget, each meal will be kinder to you for Beeman's provides a pleasant aid to digestion."

Beeman's
AIDS DIGESTION...

me early in April, before I made my debut. Moriarty's speech went something like this:

"I like to see a ballplayer who keeps his head up at all times. They're the boys who take advantage of every break of the game. Take an extra base. Pull the unexpected. Be an opportunist, Joe, and you'll always be near the top."

Moriarty's advice hit a bull's-eye. I didn't want to be an average major leaguer. I had tasted success. I craved more.

As I enter my second big-league season I feel that I won't be satisfied until I hit .380 or better. What's more, I'd like to play fifteen years in the major leagues, hitting .325, or better, in each of them. If that sounds fatheaded, it'll have to be that way, I guess.

One of the greatest bits of offensive play in the major leagues is taking an extra base—stretching a single into a double, for instance. That extra base means plenty of ball games.

In one of my first ball games as a member of the Yankees we were playing the Browns. I singled to left field. I saw Julius Solters, playing left field, loaf a bit, so I put on a burst of speed, rounded first and slid into second before he completely recovered. Later in the game I again hit a single in Solters's direction. This time he came in fast. But I had another wild idea. I turned first with all the speed I had, faking toward second, knowing all the time that I could scurry back if Solters handled the ball perfectly.

All the time I was playing a hunch. There was a chance he might fumble in an attempt to keep an eye on me and in the added zest of cutting me off at second. Sure enough. He juggled the ball momentarily, and I put on all the speed I had, barely sliding into second under his throw.

And here is a good time to discuss what they call fishing for weaknesses around the major leagues. A great deal of this dissection is done in pregame meetings. In the case of the Yankees, Manager Joe McCarthy, Tony Lazzeri, Bill Dickey, and other experienced players literally tear the various players apart.

And don't think knowing hitters isn't a great part of fielding. I'd say nearly half of the running catches made in the majors wouldn't even be touched if the fielder wasn't playing for them. For instance, if I know a player is what we call a right-field hitter, I move from my center-field spot toward right and the right fielder plays near the foul line.

While on the subject of fielding I can hardly overlook Tony Lazzeri, Yank second sacker. Tony is the Yanks' infield Napoleon. By experience and careful diagnosis he has learned how to play practically every batter in the league. If you watch

"Poosh 'Em Up" Tony, you can see him change position as each batter comes to the plate.

Also any little habit a pitcher may acquire which tips off his curve or fast ball is open game for Lazzeri.

And don't think the pitchers haven't a few able dissectors in their own ranks, aided by their battery mates—the catchers. I guess I must have come in for a fair-sized share of dissection. The first rumor I heard was that I couldn't hit a ball high and inside. Next, it was a ball low and outside. Luckily I got off to a flying start. My swing was grooved perfectly and I was more relaxed than at any time in my career.

You may be interested to know that Mel Harder was the hardest pitcher to hit I faced in 1936. In a way, he had my number. After he stopped my eighteen-game streak of hitting safely in every game, he repeated the next time by keeping me out of the hit column. I admit that from that time on, when I faced Harder I was not as relaxed as a hitter should be.

There is also a line of mental or nerve dissection that is no small part of major-league baseball. I'm speaking specifically of what we call "working on a guy." Many a young star has been ridden right out of a golden career by allowing psychological darts to cut his skin.

A question asked dozens of times of me since my first year in the majors has been, "Joe, what was your greatest thrill in the majors?" I never could answer that, but I'll tell about my biggest disappointment.

That one is easy. The occasion was the All-Star game in Boston between a picked set of American League stars against the National League team.



Early in the game I misplayed a ball that went for three bases when I rushed in to make a catch on a low liner that hopped past me. In the seventh I was greeted with boos when I stepped up to hit with bases full.

Warneke's pitch was a curve ball right down my alley. As my bat connected with the ball I thought it was a sure double. But the ball shot like a bullet squarely into Leo Durocher's hand at shortstop. I had hit into a double play. Once more I was the chump.

If the All-Star game did nothing else for me, it did teach a young rookie that no matter how great a hero you are one day, there's always another day not so far away where you can be the lowest of chumps.

But what the thunder! A guy from North Beach in San Francisco has to eat, like anybody else!

THE END



"But, my dear Sally, I can't let you do that!" said Avis. "Of course you can't," Phil agreed.

DISCRETION *Be Damned*

BY ELMER DAVIS

PART EIGHT—CONCLUSION

READING TIME • 13 MINUTES 2 SECONDS

SO Avis saw her as she came into the sandy palm-shaded yard around the jail and courthouse—Sally, walking swiftly, her face stern with purpose; and a red-faced young man hurrying along beside her, expostulating.

"Avis!" said Sally. "I don't think you've met Phil Strang, have you? He's a newspaperman, so be careful what you say to him."

"I'm tired of being careful! It's stupid that they should be holding Duke, when I can tell them where he was last night. As I'm going to."

"But you mustn't, Avis! You can't! I'm going to! I mean," said Sally—as red as Phil now—"I'm going to tell them he was with me."

For an instant Avis was blankly amazed; then came a flash of anger—and then a smile of tolerant amusement that made Sally feel very young.

"But, my dear Sally, I can't let you do that!"

"Of course you can't, Mrs. Charlton!" Phil agreed. "She's only doing it to annoy me! For her own sake, you can't—"

"Never mind my sake," Sally snapped. "I can look after that."

"I'm afraid," said Avis, still smiling, "I wasn't thinking about your sake, Sally. Only my own. As a point—of prestige, do you think I'd let people believe he was with another woman?"

"Oh," said Sally, crimson. "No, I suppose not. But—your bill—"

"My bill!" With a shrug, Avis turned toward the jail.

Sally hesitated a moment, then followed her in a last despairing protest; and Phil Strang followed—Sally? The news? He wasn't sure which. But they all came together into the sheriff's living room, where the sheriff

and the district attorney and Duke Williams sat in strained attention before a radio that had just this moment gone silent.

"Well, gentlemen," said Avis lightly, "here's the missing alibi witness."

"No!" cried Williams, springing up. "Don't say it, Avis!"

"Why not? Are you ashamed?" She smiled at his gesture of furious denial; then, suddenly grave, "I must say it, Duke. Not just for your sake, but for my own." Her brown eyes held his. All the others felt suddenly that these two didn't know any one else was there.

"But your bill!" he protested.

"My bill has passed; that gives Gertrude her triumph, and I don't care what happens to it now. Even if the President signed it, I'd give the money to charity . . . for my own sake, Duke. There's something phony about the life I've led for the last three years. I'm sick of being a brave little woman, the woman of the Charlton claim; and I couldn't, in decency, take blood money for Jack Charlton now that I belong to you."

"No, you couldn't," he assented quietly. "And you—you're cheap at the price—at any price, my dear."

An instant of hush, and the district attorney rose to the occasion—a Southern gentleman eager to avert indecorous revelations.

"I understand, Mrs. Charlton, that you can swear to

Ventures may fail, rewards go begging,
but losers can win . . . Now love steps
in and writes the story's fleet finale



Here's your answer

Men—we've made another great advance in shaving. Instead of producing one shaving cream that would try to fit everybody, we are now making *two* Mennen Shaves, one for the man with *oily* beard and skin, one for the man with *dry* beard and skin.

Mind you, *everybody's* face tends either toward oiliness or dryness. *Your* face, too. In other words, one of the Mennen Creams is *made for you*. Mennen *Lather* Shave removes excess oil, so that the lather and water can soak into whiskers quicker and wilt 'em more completely; and it cleanses the pores. But Mennen *Brushless* conserves the natural oil and relieves dryness, and tautness; and it's a cream, not a grease.

You owe it to yourself to find out which Mennen Cream fits *your* face. Send 10c for the Mennen Skin Tester Kit, containing liberal demonstration sizes of 5 Mennen Products—including both Lather Shave and Brushless (as well as Skin Bracer, Skin Balm and Talcum for Men). Address Dept. L5-1, The Mennen Co., Newark, N. J.



an alibi for Williams? Then—er—we needn't go into detail at present; I'll take your word."

"Then you won't need to keep Duke any longer?"

"I don't need him," said Halsey with a grin. "The federal people will have something to say about violation of the neutrality laws, but that's outside my jurisdiction."

"I'll just walk over to the Federal Building and give myself up," Williams said.

"Hadn't you better wait till your lawyer can go with you?" Avis suggested. "Mr. Soden is going to be your counsel. He ought to be here within an hour."

Williams stared at her.

"Soden? But he told me he wouldn't."

"I was able to show him some reasons why he'd better," she said serenely. "Thanks to Luis Calvo. So long as the marshal isn't here to collect you, I think we'd better wait till Soden comes. Then you can give yourself up, and he'll see that you're released on bail immediately, till the trial."

Williams shrugged.

"I don't know why I should bother with a trial. I've confessed—to Halsey and the sheriff—"

But Halsey and the sheriff grinned at each other.

"I don't remember hearin' him," said the sheriff. "Do you?" Halsey shook his head. "You see, Mrs. Charlton," the sheriff explained, "gunrunning to Cuba or Olorosa has been the national sport of this town for seventy years, and I can't remember that a jury ever convicted anybody yet. They hardly ever even indict 'em any more—just confiscate the stuff and let it go at that. And if there's anything in this story we just got over the radio—There seems to be a revolution in Olorosa City," he explained to the newcomers. "Maybe Mr. Williams can tell you about that."

"It wasn't supposed to pop off so soon," said Williams with a grin. "But Gutierrez's secret service must have gone into action as soon as they got the flash from over here. They arrested the commander in chief and the Vice-Minister of War; and then two regiments of infantry mutinied—and then they shut off the broadcast, so God knows what's happening now."

"But if your side wins," the sheriff observed, "the Tropic Breezes Trading Corporation is goin' to get rich on the business you'll do with Olorosa. An hour ago it looked as if you'd have to fold up; but now—"

Williams grinned. "Well, gentlemen, thank you for your hospitality. Avis, shall we go?"

They strolled out into the palm-grown courthouse yard.

"I can't realize it," he said, more shaken than he would have admitted to any one else. "Out of jail—thanks to you; perhaps I'll stay out of jail—perhaps I'll even be able to make a living!"

"But the best thing, Duke, is that we're clean; we've pretty well washed off the slime. . . . I suppose Soden's plane may be arriving at any time now. We ought to walk down to the landing and meet him."

He glanced at the open door of the courthouse beside them.

"We needn't start just yet," he told her. "Don't you think we might stop in at the marriage-license bureau first?"

SALLY had left the sheriff's office too, a little way behind them. She paused in the sandy yard; found Phil Strang at her elbow.

"You were right," he conceded. "I can see how anybody might do anything for that woman. Can you imagine her calmly tossing all that money out of the window, when they're both broke?"

"You can't imagine anybody throwing away money?" she asked coldly.

"Fifty thousand is a lot of money in these times. It takes courage. But it wasn't just what she did; it was the way she did it. Quite a woman. I'm certainly going to give that woman all the breaks."

"Oh, you are? You wouldn't do that when I asked you to."

"I didn't see the point then. But now—" He grinned. "I admit you're right sometimes, Sally. Not as often as you think you are—but neither am I. You get sore at people who tell you what you don't like to hear, even if it's true; and when I see one thing clear in front of me, I'm apt not to see anything on either side. So we both sound off a little too loudly sometimes. But if you— If we—" He paused.

This, she recognized, was a flag of truce, as well as a too accurate summary of both their faults. But she wasn't ready, yet, for armistice negotiations; she felt Yes; but she felt No too.

"We've both got work to do," she told him. "What sort of reporter would stand around talking to a girl when he ought to be getting his story from the sheriff? As for me, I've got to get back to the office. If the company's going on, I've got to keep my work up to date; and if it folds up, I'm going to leave a clean desk."

With a helpless gesture he turned away from her, went back to the sheriff's house. She was just starting on when she heard Avis calling to her from the courthouse steps:

"Sally! Can you spare five minutes? We both thought we'd like to have you as our maid of honor."

It was late afternoon when Sally sat back wearily, contemplating a desk which was clean at last. She hadn't seen Duke or Avis since the wedding in the county clerk's office. Now she leaned back, lit a well earned cigarette—and the door opened and Milton Soden came in.

"Hello, Sally! Williams been in? . . . No? And you still plugging away?"

"That's what they pay me for, Mr.

Soden. I wanted to bring everything up to date, no matter how things turned out."

"Williams told me you were conscientious—and highly efficient too. He'll give you a first-rate recommendation; and I can guarantee you a job—a good job—when you go back to Washington."

"Back to Washington?" she said. "Then the trading company folds up? I was hoping that perhaps that rebellion in Olorosa City—I haven't heard any news about it this afternoon. Did it fail?"

"Fell flat. Damn these Latins!" he exploded. "They've got no sense of ethics; they won't stay bought."

"What happens to Duke?" she asked eagerly.

"Nothing happens to anybody—except the gunman that did the killing; they'll hang him, of course. But Williams, and Ramon Vicente—I've been telephoning to people in Washington who realize that the less said now about Olorosa the better; and the local prosecutors know that no jury would ever vote for conviction in this town. The boats and the arms are confiscated, but nobody's going to be prosecuted. . . . I've just finished talking to the newspapermen, Sally. This fellow Strang—he's from Brushburg, he tells me. You know him?" She nodded, involuntarily pink. "Smart fellow," said Soden. "Apparently he's the one that started this."

"And are you holding that against him?" she demanded.

He laughed.

"Why should I? It's my business to try to get away with things, if I can;—it's his business to find out what's going on, and print it—if he can. Apparently there's quite a good deal that he knows and nobody else knows that he's decided not to print. I was telling him—"

BRISK footsteps in the passage interrupted him. Duke Williams came in.

"Hello, Sally!" he said, grinning. "Sorry I left you to do all the work, but I've been rather busy today."

"I've got things in pretty good shape, Duke. Where's Avis?"

"Packing. She's joining me at the hotel, and we're going up to Miami tomorrow."

"Why so soon?" Soden protested. "It will take a week or so to liquidate the Tropic Breezes Trading Corporation."

"Let somebody else do that, Mr. Soden. I'd feel a little apologetic about drawing any more salary from you, after I fell down on my job."

"Another week's only two hundred and fifty, and considering the thousands I've dropped already in this company—I was practically the sole stockholder," Soden admitted. "I thought the damn thing was going to make money. . . . But don't you need another week's salary, now that Mrs. Williams has tossed her compensation away?"

"Oh, we'll get along. I've got

"Always worth stopping for"



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about three hundred in the bank, and I've got a choice between two jobs," said Williams with some amusement. "An old friend of mine in Cross-Country Airways wants to work me into their organization. And Sam Orr offered me my old job back. Would you believe it? But I think I'll take the other job instead."

"But, even so," Soden persisted, "hadn't you better—"

"Afraid not. You see," said Williams with some embarrassment, "my wife doesn't want me to take any more of your money."

Soden laughed.

"Women take things hard, don't they? You'd think she'd have forgiven me, after the prodigious efforts I've expended for my client today. Now, you and I— We co-operate when we have to. If she's got a grievance against me for getting you all into this, she ought to remember that I've got a grievance against her too; the damn thing might have worked out perfectly if she hadn't come down here and fallen in love with you. . . . But it's all in the game. Give her my regards, Williams; she's a remarkable woman. You'll have no excuse for letting that failure complex get a hold on you again when you live with her."

"I know it," said Williams. "Well—if you haven't left anything for me to do, Sally, I'll be going along. Come and see us after dinner."

She nodded; he went out. Soden regarded her with amusement.

"Looks to me," he observed, "as if you're the manager of the Tropic Breezes Trading Corporation for the moment. We'll talk about liquidation tomorrow; I'm too tired to go into that now. So—"

Phil Strang appeared at the door.

WELL? "said Soden, none too hospitably. "What do you want with me now, young fellow? I've told you everything I know."

"As a matter of fact," said Phil in some confusion, "I came to see if Sally had a date for dinner."

She was in confusion too.

"No, I haven't. . . . But have you cleaned up your story?"

"Cleaned it up?" Soden groaned. "I hope he's cleaned it up. If he thinks of anything more— Strang, it looks to me as if you're the only winner in this affair—except Gutierrez. You've done pretty well for yourself, haven't you?"

"I don't know that I have. I wrote a pretty good story, but not so good as I might have written; and you don't know my office, if you think they're going to give me a raise, or even a bonus, for that."

"Bonus? Good God, boy, you don't need a bonus! Don't you know that Gutierrez pays a twenty-thousand-dollar reward to anybody who gives information that leads to the breaking up of a revolutionary plot? Nobody's got any claim on that but you. Not to speak," Soden added gloomily as he rose to leave them, "of about twenty thousand dollars' worth of munitions that the Coast Guard has confiscated. Under the law, the informer gets half of that."

"Informer!" Phil was purple with fury. "Damn it, I'm a newspaperman! Do you think I'd take their lousy rewards? I'm paid a hundred a week to get the news and write it; any time I can't live on that—"

From the doorway Soden shook his head in perplexity. "All you people down here have gone crazy."

He was gone. Sally looked up at Phil.

"Can you imagine," she quoted, "anybody calmly tossing all that money out of the window?"

"You wouldn't have wanted me to take it, would you?"

"Is it any business of mine?" He looked so downcast that she added in a rush, "Of course I wouldn't have wanted you to take it! Any time we can't live on a hundred a week—"

"We!" he gasped. "Then you've forgiven me for—"

"For being right when I was wrong? Yes, darling, I can forgive you even that. But," she added, as he started toward her, "a smart husband wouldn't let it become a habit."

THE END

IT CAN BE DONE!

READING TIME • 5 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

I HAVE asked many workmen what is the principal cause of this epidemic of sitdowns and walkouts. A typical answer is, "The thing we want most is steady work; to get a pay envelope every week without wondering if there's a lay-off slip in it. Every man wants to be sure of enough regular pay to take care of himself, his wife, and his kids."

The late Colonel William Cooper Procter understood this tragic need for "job security." It impelled him to develop a plan guaranteeing forty-eight weeks' work a year for each Procter & Gamble employee participating in it as long as he lives or until he retires on pension; a share in the company's profits, both in outright bonuses and in stock dividends; old-age, disability, and death benefits in addition to those now required by law; and a forty-hour work week. As a result, Procter & Gamble stands today, on its hundredth anniversary, in a class almost by itself as a big business where labor ructions are almost unknown.

The firm takes its pick of labor; it's a common saying that "You've got to be good to work for Procter & Gamble." A typical case will explain this:

Joe Flynn goes to work as soap cutter at a wage of \$1,500 a year. During his first two years he and the company decide whether he'll stick. Then, if he joins the profit-sharing plan, he must set aside \$75 a year for P. & G. common stock, which is bought at the market. The company donates an equal amount the first year; but while Joe's payments remain at 5 per cent of his earnings, the company's contribution steadily increases. During the purchase period of six years Joe has paid \$450 for stock worth about \$1,090.

Henceforth the company pays him increasing profit-sharing bonuses quite apart from the dividends he gets from his stock. These bonuses amount to 8 per cent of his wages after the sixth year, rise to 15 per cent

after fifteen years, and continue at that rate as long as he keeps working. At the end of fifteen years the company has given him \$2,160, not counting his stock dividends. Joe has fewer worries than a Rockefeller. Since he has a personal interest in company earnings, he enjoys working up ideas that speed production and cut costs. With soapbox economists and sore-heads generally he has no truck.

To date, 5,535 of Procter & Gamble's 5,700 employees are enrolled in profit sharing. They own or have subscribed for 141,155 shares, worth (March 1) \$8,804,000. Above their regular stock dividends the profit sharers received \$677,000 last year.

Procter & Gamble was one of the first companies to go on a five-day week, and worker benefits are numerous. If our \$30-a-week soap cutter gets sick he is paid \$20 a week for a maximum period of a year; if he retires at sixty-five, he gets a pension up to \$60 a month; if he dies, his heirs are paid \$1,000. Employees contribute 1 per cent of wages, but the company accepts the entire burden for pension and death benefits. To top it off, the company recently announced that a week's vacation with pay would be granted every worker after two years of experience.

All these things make P. & G. employees a body of unusually contented workers. Some veterans got in on the cellar floor many years back. With the big bull market, P. & G. stock multiplied through split-ups, and earnings skyrocketed. One gnarled blacksmith received more in a month from his stock than he had made in a year when he first came to the company. Envious companions figured that his dividends alone were about \$14,400 annually. Even today it is not uncommon for men to receive from profit sharing and dividends as much as they make in wages.

Colonel William Cooper Procter was one of the first industrial captains to accept full responsibility for his employees. In 1886 he inaugurated a wage-bonus plan for profit sharing, thereby shocking the business tradition which classed labor as a commodity. The scheme was discarded because too many employees looked on the twice-yearly payments as windfalls to be immediately blown in on roaring celebrations. In 1903 he introduced a profit-sharing plan involving stock ownership. Twelve years later he added pensions and other benefits. In 1923 he upset orthodoxy by announcing guaranteed employment.

Some of the Colonel's own executives were suspicious of the idea, since it involved a complete revolution in soapmaking. Like its competitors, P. & G.'s charts showed violent ac-



tivity in the spring and fall, stagnation in between. This was because the company sold through jobbers, who placed six-month orders at certain times. Colonel Procter took a bold step. "We will level that off," he decreed, "by selling direct to retailers as well as through jobbers. Estimating our year's sales, we will divide the result by the number of working days. Every plant will be given a quota, and must stick to it. The backbone of our program will be a new and powerful sales organization."

Results have been spectacular. At an even pace, men work better and so do machines. The statistical seers at Cincinnati become apologetic if their forecasts of demand vary more than 1 per cent from actualities.

During the slump P. & G. couldn't have thrown its labor overboard even if it had wanted to; a considerable percentage of workers had been guaranteed employment, and others had rights less explicit but no less real.

The company made one wage cut of 10 per cent and reduced the benefits of its profit-sharing plan. Paint-up and clean-up activities were stimulated to make work. Sometimes the plants operated more on determination than on orders. For six months during 1932 soap was made and stored because demand had shown a marked decline.

Then came the grim day when the management wrote off a \$9,000,000 loss on inventories. To increase the number of jobs, the company cut its work week from fifty hours to forty in 1932. Now wages have recovered to a point where ninety-nine out of one hundred employees get more for forty hours' labor than they got for fifty hours in 1929; and employment is about 10 per cent ahead of 1929.

These enlightened policies have united the workers' interests with those of the company, resulting in 99.44 per cent employee efficiency. Why are there not more men imbued with the spirit of William Cooper Procter?

THE END

Must labor and capital be policed by the government? — consider this heartening 100-year record of getting along without it

BY FREDERICK TISDALE

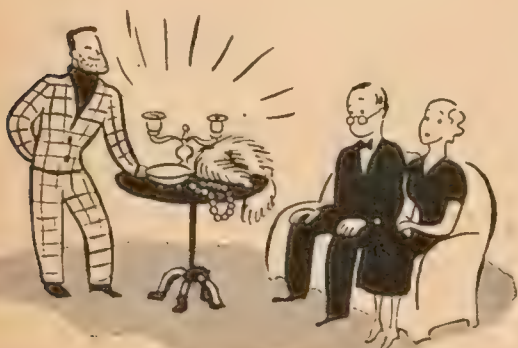
BUTTONS worry the wives of famous orchestra conductors. Leading a large orchestra is strenuous work, and the conductor's wife must be sure that his buttons will uphold his dignity. Not long ago a great English leader popped off a strategic button on the concert platform.

Halina Rodzinski takes care of her husband's buttons and of his diet. He is Artur Rodzinski, conductor of the Cleveland Orchestra, lately a guest director of the New York Philharmonic; one of the outstanding musicians in America today. Mrs. Rodzinski has been telling me how such maestros of the baton are fed and dressed.

Toscanini eats one egg on Thursday, two eggs on Friday (his concert days). Stokowski sticks to a yogi diet of fruit and vegetables. Bruno Walther, an exception, eats what he pleases. On concert days Mrs. Rodzinski feeds her husband a chop or small steak for lunch; then no dinner at all. After the concert he drinks three bottles of mineral water. Toscanini bites his fingernails. So does Rodzinski; never has any fingernails except in the summer, when he isn't working. His evening coats require special backs to allow free movement of the arms. The name of his Italian tailor is a secret he shares with Toscanini, Gary Cooper, and Douglas Fairbanks. "Most conductors are bad public speakers," said Mrs. Rodzinski, "but they can swear like pirates." Her husband, she added, swears most eloquently in Polish.

● A rather timid couple of my acquaintance are in a weird fix. They feel deeply grateful to a stranger who helped their son through a bad auto accident. The stranger now comes to see them frequently, is a queer bird—in fact a criminal type—but he has developed a lavish affection for them, and gratitude makes them accept him as he is. He brings presents—quite expensive jewelry, table silver, furs. . . . "All stolen!" quavers the poor scared husband. "We know it's all stolen, but what can we do? He saved our boy. He says we're his only decent friends—and he's filling our house full of stolen goods!"

● Max Factor, one of Hollywood's ace



make-up men, has sent me some words of expert advice for those of you who may be getting ready to be June brides.

"The bride who wants to look her best," writes Mr. Factor, "should begin to condition herself at least five days before the wedding. To start with, she should give herself a couple of days of complete rest. Then she should have two good facials, and her hair should be washed and waved not more than two days in advance of the ceremony, so that it will look simple and natural."

A bride's make-up, Mr. Factor declares, should studiously avoid all excesses of artificiality. A mere touch of eye-shadow, eyelashes darkened ever so delicately, eyebrows not plucked too thin or strongly penciled. Go easy on the lipstick. A bride's lips shouldn't be vivid. Face powder a little paler than you use ordinarily, fingernails tinted a natural pink, not orange or red. And no heavy perfume.

● *From hunger* is an expression now current in slang. When some one is out of luck and having a miserable

TO THE Ladies

BY PRINCESS
ALEXANDRA
KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER,
AND AUTHORITY ON FASHION

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 40 SECONDS



HALINA RODZINSKI

time, you say, "She's from hunger," or, "He's from hunger." It is a term that accurately describes the mood of many a hostess along toward the end of her own bridge parties or cocktail parties. Time and again, after the last guest has gone, I have heard the hostess moan that she's utterly exhausted and simply starved. The trouble is, she's been too busy to eat, and has tired herself out being social on an empty stomach.

Now, a party is seldom a success, you know, unless you enjoy it yourself. And a famished hostess can't be very brilliant. While you're flying around attending to guests you haven't time enough to eat. The best idea, I think, is to take a leisurely sandwich or two *before* your party begins.

● The *strangest* things seem to happen in Budapest. Last month a handsome young woman of that city won her tenth beauty contest, and on the same day was arrested for the fiftieth time as a pickpocket. How she had managed to stay out of jail through forty-nine previous convictions of wallet lifting may be guessed, I imagine, from her record as a beauty-show winner. Judges and juries are not less susceptible over there, evidently, than here. But this time they locked her up. Even in Budapest, you see, a pretty girl ought not to be *too* grasping.

● Circus lore from real life always fascinates me. I've had a grand time reading John S. Clarke's new book, *Circus Parade*. (Published by Charles Scribner's Sons.)

● Have you ever done fried chicken the Roman way? It's quite different and extremely good. . . . First roll your cut-up pieces of chicken in a little flour. Have ready 5 tablespoons olive oil well mixed with 2 tablespoons lemon juice, salt and pepper, dash of powdered thyme. Pour this over the chicken and let stand 2 hours (but *not* in your refrigerator). Grate a good-sized wedge of real Parmesan cheese, the kind you buy in Italian grocery stores. Now drain your chicken and roll the pieces in plenty of grated Parmesan. Fry in hot butter. Serve with fresh green asparagus or broccoli.



PARIS...and BROKEN DREAMS

The screen revives two pleasantly poignant tales of love left behind—good acting enlivens a case of family trouble

★ ★ ★ ½ MAYTIME

THE PLAYERS: Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy, John Barrymore, Herman Bing, Tom Brown, Lynne Carver, Rafaela Ottiano, Charles Judels, Paul Porcasi, Sig Rumann, Walter Kingsford, Guy Bates Post. Screen play by Noel Langley based on the play by Rida Johnson Young and Sigmund Romberg. Directed by Robert Z. Leonard. Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Running time, 130 minutes.

BACK in 1917 Sigmund Romberg wrote a charmingly sentimental and gracious operetta of a beautiful young singer and her lost love. Now Metro has transformed it into a big decorative lovely song drama. It is an opulent excursion into bitter-sweet romance.

Marcia Mornay, the pupil of a somber Russian master of singing, is achieving great success before the court of Louis Napoleon when she meets a young American voice student. She is tempted to toss everything aside for love, but she feels that she owes too much to her protector and mentor, Nicolai Nazarov. So she turns from romance.

All this is told in retrospect; for you first see the lovely Marcia as a little, lonely old woman living in a small American town. She tells her tragic story to stay the plans of an ambitious young singer about to give up love for a career. Achieving that, she dies—and you see her join her lost love in a Smilin' Through spirit-world finale. The two shades go singing down a road bordered by blossoming apple trees.

The Metro folks encountered a lot of difficulties getting Maytime into its present highly effective form. Among the additions to Romberg's original score—which hits its crest with the song Sweethearts—are scenes from a Russian opera based on Tchaikovsky's Fifth Symphony. But the music romance touches its charm zenith during the May-day carnival at which the lovers steal their few moments of happiness.

Jeanette MacDonald shades Nelson Eddy for honors in Maytime. She will amaze you as the tired, worn old woman of the opening, and she will captivate you as the opera sweetheart of the '70s. Eddy, too, is delightful as the impetuous voice student. And you will be startled by John Barrymore's strange and jealous Russian teacher who brings tragedy to his lovely discovery. It's his best work in a long time.

VITAL STATISTICS: Irving Thalberg worked on this several years, trying to beat a little modernity into it. Spent almost a half million on all shapes, sizes, and sorts of writers. Sweethearts and other numbers were recorded, the picture was well under way with Edmund Goulding megging, when Thalberg died, still unsatisfied with the story. Hunt Stromberg took over; used what ideas of Thalberg he could remember, added many of his own; switched the story locale to Europe for glamour and glitter; told it retrospectively so's the characters might remain young forever, instead of at different ages, as in the original; had a Tchaikovsky symphony adapted into the Czarina operatic sequence; threw out everything already filmed by Goulding; switched directors in midstream; took eight months to film

By BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME • 15 MINUTES 37 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT
1 STAR—POOR

2 STARS—GOOD
0 STAR—VERY POOR



Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald in Sigmund Romberg's operetta Maytime.

and by spending \$1,500,000 ground this out. Stromberg aimed chiefly at lavishness, figuring that if nature could afford to be lavish in Maytime, so could M-G-M. . . . After dozens of Hollywood ace scribes had died through the years on the yarn, slant and scenario were provided by one new British writer import, Noel Langley, who defied precedent and turned it all out in three and a half days flat. . . . Cameo-doll Jeanette MacDonald wears a \$35,000 mink coat over slacks off duty. Records her song numbers in slacks, leaning against the back of a chair exactly distanced from the mike. Takes a daily voice lesson, working or no; practices her trills three hours nonworking days. Repertoire includes seven operas at which she's letter-and-note-perfect. Has reddish-gold hair which photographs two ways according to the lighting; is nuts about radio, especially the comics; never diets yet never gains; is of Sleepytown, Pennsylvania. Her next picture will be The Firefly, and the next big event in her life is her wedding to Gene Raymond, announced during this to take place around June 14, to be followed by a Honolulu honeymoon. . . . Nelson Eddy inherited talent to play the bass drum from his paw, who used to bang away for the dear old Pawtucket National Guard. While newshawking around Philadelphia, Nelson learned to sing by accompanying Scotti's phonograph records. Insists his best girl is his mother. Buys her a new car every Christmas. Records his rehearsals at home on his own gadgets. . . . Maytime brought romance and reverse to John Caliban Barrymore, who married Elaine Ariel Barrie during its making and parted with her before it was finished. . . . Director Robert Z. Leonard is a Colorado School of Mines grad. Struck gold in Hollywood around 1908, after baritoneing for the old Ferris Hartman Company. Played in The Roman, first film to be filmed in Los Angeles. Later married and directed Mae Murray, whom he gave a big pink house, loads of success and money, and an eventual divorce. Present wife's Gertrude Olmstead, and the marriage's stuck on with glue and rivets. Has megged 'em all from horse opera to horsy opera. Inveterate prankster on set, he keeps everybody in gales of laughter, which he says creates morale. Ribbed his friend Van Dyke, with whom he office-suites, by sending in six large cats dressed in miniature naval costumes—Van Dyke being a reserve marine officer.

★ ★ ★ SEVENTH HEAVEN

THE PLAYERS: Simone Simon, James Stewart, Jean Hersholt, Gregory Ratoff, Thomas Beck, Sig Rumann, Mady Christians, Rollo Lloyd, Rafaela Ottiano, Georges Renavent. Screen play by Melville Baker from the stage drama by Austin Strong. Directed by Henry King. Produced by Twentieth Century-Fox. Running time, 90 minutes.

AUSTIN STRONG wrote an outstanding box-office success, in Seventh Heaven, of a grimy Paris sewer worker who befriends a homeless little gamin, takes her to live in his shabby garret rooms up under the stars on the seventh floor of a Montmartre rookery. The self-sufficient Chico achieves his ambition—a job in the sun flushing the Paris streets—and marries the friendless inarticulate Diane just as the Germans come crashing through Belgium. The dream is broken and Chico is called to the colors, while little Diane is left in the lonely, empty rooms high above Montmartre.

This tender love fable—which viewed the realities of life and the horrors of war through the rose-colored glasses of shrewd play-writing—achieved great stage success and later great film success with Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell. It was built to order for those who wish to escape reality.

This newest version has much merit. Henry King's expert direction hasn't the warmth of the silent handling

SKINNY? LISTEN TO THIS



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QUICK WAY

NOW there's no need for thousands of men and women to be "skinny" and friendless, even if they never could gain an ounce before. Here's a new, easy treatment for them that puts on pounds of naturally attractive flesh—in just a few weeks!

Doctors now know that the real reason why many find it hard to gain weight is they do not get enough Vitamin B and iron in their daily food. Without these vital elements you may lack appetite and not get the most body-building good out of your food. Now with this new discovery which combines these elements in little concentrated tablets, hosts of people have put on solid pounds—in a very short time.

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of Frank Borzage (or maybe it just seems better in retrospect) but it is skillful and interesting. Simone Simon does not touch your Beverly Hills as the buffeted, monosyllabic little heroine, Diane, but the promising young James Stewart is admirable as that "very remarkable fellow," the valiant Chico.

VITAL STATISTICS: Simone Simon listens hour after hour to our radio to better understand our sense of humor. . . . Picture was finished with rumors flying about that Simone was pulling down studio with her temperamental dynamitings. Given to nip-ups, her flarings up are largely a defense against Hollywood. Paris friends had warned her against American producers who would try to exploit and cheapen her, and during her first interview with Zanuck she blurted out she'd definitely not parade around Hollywood with a panther cub. Zanuck had no intention of her so doing. . . . For luck in this, wears the same simple wool frock she wore when signing a Hollywood pact in Paris nine months ago. Also uses her own gold-flecked hair, for once. It had to be washed and curled every morning so's to match up with previous day's take. This required Simone's rising at 5 A. M. . . . Most temperamental actress in cast next to Simone Simon is Eloise, the twenty-two-year-old taxicab imported here from Paris ten years ago. Eloise saw service in the war; is of the Renault family; had new insides installed after an operation preceding appearance in this. Eloise made the mad dash twenty-five miles from Paris to stop the Germans coming through in 1914; lives quietly in the Fox museum. . . . Playwright Austin Strong got idea for this from John Golden, who got it from a colorful Paris taxicabby after the war. Strong took three years to whip it up into a sentimental froth. At first a one-act comedy, Strong expanded it, made a fortune on it. . . . Hardest task of set doctors in war scenes was not to keep extras from being shot but to keep them from having circulation cut off by tight bandages or fake maimed limb contrivances. All clothing for 1,500 extras playing armistice scene had to be supplied by studio, as few have clothing of those times. Eight little boys got a week's work tearing up old newspapers into bits for hurling from armistice balconies and windows. Five tons of confetti used. Sixteen hundred pieces of laundry had to be hung on Paris roofs, and though utterly clean had to be relaundersed constantly to avoid mildew setting in. Six cats had to be trained to follow each other in roof catwalking. Training was accomplished by baiting end of the rainbow with a bowl of fish. . . . Jean Hersholt makes a little extra translating all Scandinavian and German fan letters for his studio. Carved off that mustache, an eight-year growth, for this. . . . Jimmy Stewart, of Indiana, Pennsylvania, says the most valuable thing he learned at Princeton was to play the accordion. Is son of a hardwarman. Once, while stage-managing, rang down the curtain on Jane Cowl just as she was dying in Camille. Is romantically uninvolved; wants to be normal, average, modern.

★ ★ ★ CALL IT A DAY

THE PLAYERS: Olivia de Havilland, Ian Hunter, Anita Louise, Alice Brady, Roland Young, Frieda Inescort, Bonita Granville, Peggy Wood, Marcia Ralston, Walter Woolf King, Peter Willes, Una O'Connor, Beryl Mercer, Elsa Buchanan, Mary Field. Screen play by Casey Robinson from the play by Dodie Smith. Directed by Archie L. Mayo. Produced by Warner Brothers. Running time, 90 minutes.

DON'T be frightened by the fact that this is a little domestic story of an English family. Because it has gentle humor and humanness—and is very well played.

Here is a household on the edge of disintegration if good sense and good taste fail in the final analysis. The Hiltons live in pleasant quiet suburbs of London. Roger Hilton, an income-tax official, almost gets involved with a tax-delinquent and highly attractive actress. His wife skates along the edge of being involved with a young bachelor diplomat. Two of their three children have dangerous sentimental ailments, at least baffling for the moment.

Sanity saves the household in the end, but the events have interest, sentiment, and a kindly laughter. You especially will like Frieda Ines-

cort as the understanding Mrs. Hilton. Ian Hunter is excellent as the almost recreant Mr. Hilton; Alice Brady makes the most of an outspoken friend of the family; and Olivia de Havilland is attractive as the daughter smitten with an artist. Peggy Wood, who was the original heroine of the stage Maytime, is the painter's understanding and long-suffering wife. Roland Young is capital as the vague bachelor diplomat in love with Mrs. Hilton.

VITAL STATISTICS: Anita Louise says she'll remain single during '37, not having found or been found by the right man. Will have to divorce devoted mother to marry, anyway. Also worked in The Go-Getter during this, making love to two gents at same time—Willes and Brent. . . . Nine years ago Marcia Ralston, a favorite in Australia, disappeared from extreme public favor to take up domesticity. Here she is now, debutting. Born to musicomedey paw, Marcia was tucked in a convent till she was fourteen to avoid stageitis setting in. While parents were China-touring, Marcia jumped the convent, got to be a chorine, and stepped up to Australian limelight. . . . Each movie, Archie Mayo plays many parts—in fact all of them. His 250 pounds look on the bulky side in the love scenes he acts out, but there's no denying his fervor. . . . Olivia de Havilland found it hard to cry in this, because she doesn't feel she has anything to cry about. Once bewildered by success, she's used to it, but afraid it's come too quick for her twenty years. Invites her friends' criticism to avoid going high-hat. Will never marry a man with a bow tie, grease in his hair, and a love of art. . . . Walter Woolf King's first singing job was in the Mormon choir in Salt Lake City. . . . Roland Young hates to learn lines; would rather ad-lib. them, and could easily do it except his humor is light's a feather on the sound track and too delicate to take. . . . Beryl Mercer was born in Spain, speaks with an English accent. Father was a Spanish noble, mother half French, half English. Can play a non-nauseating screen maw. Dreamed her stage name. . . . Picture actually contains a bathroom without chromium fittings, cellophane curtains, fancy lotions, musical rolls, and sunken tubs. Has the de millennium arrived? Pic does have a slick kitchen, and thousands will write in asking for blueprints on same, including gadgets. . . . Mary Field was about to world-cruise with her maw, who is in the L. A. importing business. Thwarted by the shipping strike tie-up, Mary went into movies instead; so, you see, you never can tell. . . . Most brats get the back of a hairbrush for their trouble-making, but Bonita Granville gets \$500 a week. . . . Peter Willes is late of England. Thinks the Hollywood English very homesick for fog despite their Hollywood glamour. . . . Ian Hunter says he's a dull fellow, leads a dull life, and makes a dull interview. Though born in South Africa, says, "What of it—lots of people were born there!" Became an actor because he got out of the war whole. His first job was to play the hoofbeats, a peasant, a Dutch and an English soldier in something called Jack o' Jingles. Says you've got to blame the war for him—just another war atrocity. Hates recalling he was once called England's handsomest actor. Is importing his yot from England by boat. Named his first son after a bird—Robin; his second after Jolyon, lead in the Forsyte Saga.

★ ★ ½ WHEN LOVE IS YOUNG

THE PLAYERS: Virginia Bruce, Kent Taylor, Walter Brennan, Greta Meyer, Christian Rub, William Tannen, Jean Rogers, Sterling Holloway, Nydia Westman, David Oliver, Jack Smart, Laurie Douglas, Franklin Pangborn. Screen play by Eve Greene and Joseph Fields from the short story by Eleanor Griffin. Directed by Hal Mohr. Produced by Universal. Running time, 86 minutes.

ANOTHER—but pleasant—variation of the ugly duckling who makes good as an actress in the big city and goes back to show off to the hitherto unappreciative home town. In other words, every girl's dream.

Wanda Werner's luck swings into high when a press agent uses her homespun personality to exploit a dying theatrical production. Wanda leads a flock of geese down Broadway, is arrested, becomes famous, turns the flop into a hit. Then the press agent gets sentimentally interested, transforms the hick into a lovely siren, and before long she is a star in her own right.

Virginia Bruce gives the country girl a real interest and charm. It is her most engaging work to date. Kent Taylor is a pleasant enough press agent, and Walter Brennan makes the most of his role of the girl's uncle, a rustic who lets the New York curious look at the heavens through a telescope at ten cents a glimpse.

VITAL STATISTICS: Hard work to get Virginia Bruce over from M-G-M, reluctant to let her stray to Universal City. In Minneapolis she was Virginia Briggs. Married John Gilbert in 1932, bearing him Susan Ann Gilbert; lived with him two years. Gilbert is dead now; she's never re-married. . . . Laurie Douglas started as Douglas Johnston Smith of Emet, Oklahoma. Her paw, an Okla-City business man, wanted her to pursue what they call the light way of the debutante, Laurie chose a career. Undecided whether to write, dance, act, teach history, get a degree, Laurie went into Earl Carroll's chorus as an intellectual hoofie. Since then she's been kicking her career onward and upward. . . . Jack Smart's really John Smart. In 1929 became imitator of world personalities on March of Time radio program. Having been Mussolini, the Mikado, F. D. R., he now finds parts hard to top. . . . Back in '36 David Oliver tried to find a sweepstake loser to newsreel while other newsreelmen were photographing winners. Unable to find one, Oliver played the part himself, burlesqued it, and got big laughs all over the country. Got yanked from behind camera to front. Paw was the best bull-fiddle twanger in years; thirty-three years with the Met Orch. David shot Pearl White; has had one of those incredible newsreel lives, glorified in the cigarette ads. . . . Jean Rogers is really Eleanor Lovegren, unmarried, of Belmont, Massachusetts. . . . Kent Taylor was Louis Weiss back in Nashua, Iowa.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Lost Horizon, The Good Earth, Camille, Black Legion, Winter-set.

★★★½—The King and the Chorus Girl, Elephant Boy, On the Avenue, The Plough and the Stars, After the Thin Man, Banjo on My Knee, Gold Diggers of 1937, The Plainsman, Born to Dance, Lloyds of London, Love on the Run, Three Men on a Horse, The Charge of the Light Brigade, Libeled Lady, The Big Broadcast of 1937, La Kermesse Héroïque, Dodsworth, Valiant Is the Word for Carrie.

★★★—History Is Made at Night, The Soldier and the Lady, The Man Who Could Work Miracles, The Last of Mrs. Cheyney, You Only Live Once, Green Light, One in a Million, That Girl from Paris, Beloved Enemy, Great Guy, Sing Me a Love Song, Champagne Waltz, The Garden of Allah, Pete Smith Shorts, The President's Mystery, The Gay Desperado.

GOOD BOOKS

by OLIVER SWIFT

★★★ **JORDANTOWN** by Josephine Johnson. Simon & Schuster.

The 1935 Pulitzer Prize novelist writes a somber, realistic story of an abortive social revolution in a tiny Midwestern town. Grim, powerful thinking, but not entertainment to while away an hour.

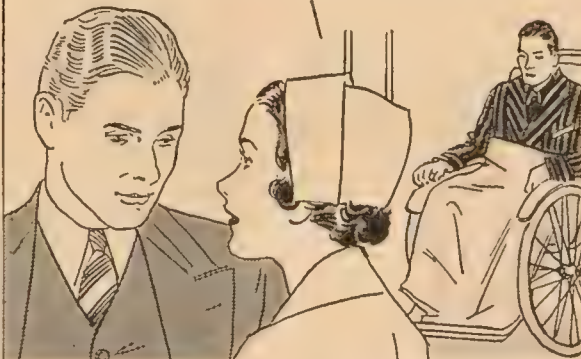
★★ **ONE MAN'S MUDDLE** by E. Baker Quinn. The Macmillan Company. A gentleman criminal paints himself harshly and yet manages to be likable. A good mystery story with an unusual twist.



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I SEEM TO BE THE ONLY VISITOR! A NICE FELLOW LIKE JOE WOULD HAVE LOTS OF FRIENDS IF HE'D BEEN MORE PARTICULAR

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3 MONTHS LATER

Jan. 21, 1937

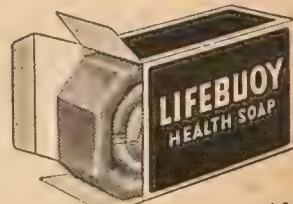
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Thanks for steering me straight. I'm a regular Lifebuoy user now—and I have lots of friends. And—I want you to know first—I'm being married next month!
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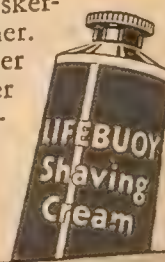


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PART FIVE—"WE HAVE A CHANCE"

ALLIE'S smile died. She drew herself up to her full height and, small though she was, she seemed to be looking down on Marsden.

"Your efficiency and your loyalty have made both my father and me eager to show our appreciation," she said. "I am sorry that you misunderstood. You must realize that it gives me no pleasure to be forced to remind you of—"

"My position in this house?"

"Your position in this house."

His face burned with anger, but his voice remained quiet and kind as he answered:

"I am not impressed. And I am not put in my place. I still intend to notify the Owenses."

"You will do nothing of the kind."

She looked at him as if he weren't there.

"I promised Andrew he should have his circus before lunch was served." She glanced down at the watch on her wrist. "There is very little time. I must ask you—"

"Of course," he said. "We'll finish this after lunch."

"There is nothing more to be said." She turned away and called to the horse busily nibbling on the grass. He came obediently and followed after her.

Marsden stood and watched her go. Arrogant, aloof, she walked across the lawn. She was walking away from him, going out of his life as definitely as if this were the last time he would ever see her. She would never forgive him if he made good his threat. Marsden understood her well enough to realize this.

Yet, no matter what Allie felt for him, he could always love her. It were better that she hate him than that she like him and be married to Stephen Hunt. . . .

When Marsden finally followed her, he found the family in the patio. The circus was about to begin, and they sat facing the lawn where Allie stood holding the tiny horse by a red-ribbon harness. Prince pawed the ground, two red pompons bobbing between his ears.

Her glance slurred impersonally past Marsden to Stephen Hunt, who stood by a phonograph, waiting for her signal to start the record of Prince's music.

Hunt left the phonograph and came toward Marsden with his hand out.

"Hello," he said. "It's nice to see you back."

"It's nice to be back." Marsden shook hands with him.

This man was a Stephen Hunt Marsden had never seen

Gently she touched the bandage with her fingertips, then leaned toward him and put her lips against it.



before. There was still the drawling, rather weary voice; but where, before, it had been disagreeable or frankly insolent, there was now beneath it a muted animation, an air of contentment, as if the world were at last arranged completely to Hunt's satisfaction.

As of course it was, Marsden realized. During his absence Allie had, without doubt, gone out of her way to please Hunt; had convinced him that he was not the outsider he had felt he was, but as close to her as her family—her father and Jerome and Andrew.

Allie led the little horse to the center of the lawn and called to Hunt: "Let's begin." She looked up at the heavy sky. "The fog'll be coming in soon." She had to raise her voice to be heard; for the patio was a hubbub. James Smith was making crooning sounds to Prince; Andrew, squirming on his nurse's lap, was shouting his delight; and the parrot on his perch was screaming.

Stephen Hunt started the phonograph record. Band music blared above the noise.

Prince lifted his head and stared; and Allie stepped away from him. He arched his neck, listened, then broke into a canter, moving in a circle around the grass.

The rigid tempo of the music—it did not follow him as the circus band did—the absence of his trainer, his fellow performers, and the wooden ring around his circle, cast him into confusion. But, as best he could, he went through the routine of his act, turning and rearing, walking on his hind legs and pawing the air.

When it was over and every one applauded, Prince remembered the last touch and bowed.

Andrew fell back limply in Mrs. Tomkins's lap. The circus had been even better than he had thought it would be.

Marsden watched Allie as she watched the child. For the moment she had forgotten everything but his happiness.

"Did you like it, Scooter?" she asked.

"Oh, me!" Andrew gasped. His brown eyes widened and his mouth puckered with the force of his conviction. "It was the best! Better than the circus you saw."

"Much better, Scooter!" She smiled. "Now you'd better go and thank Prince."

ANDREW tumbled from Mrs. Tomkins's lap and ran to throw his arms around the horse, while James Smith bounced and barked. They ran together across the grass and around the corner of the house, Mrs. Tomkins lumbering behind them.

Allie's smile died. For an instant her glance, withdrawn and speculative, was on Marsden. Then she turned her back to him and began picking up sections of the Sunday paper scattered over the walks.

While Marsden's eyes followed her, Stephen Hunt put away the record and closed the phonograph; Jerome and Roger Blaylock went back to their reading, which had been interrupted by the circus; and the parrot ceased his noise. The patio was quiet once more.

Suddenly Jerome laughed.

"Look here," he said, holding out the rotogravure section of the newspaper. "They've dug up pictures taken for the last five years at that Junior League brawl for the orphanage. I'm in one of them taken four years ago!"

Marsden leaned over his shoulder to see the picture.

Beneath it was the caption, "Mr. Jerome Blaylock, surrounded by high-pressure salesmanship." A group of girls, their outstretched hands filled with the sort of trifles sold at such affairs, stood clustered around a young man whose hair was cropped close to his head and whose handsome face was marred by the wide black line of a mustache.

The thought crashed into Marsden's mind: Jerome had looked like this photograph when the Owenses had seen him. There was every chance they would see this picture, for the newspaper was circulated widely through southern California.

"There's a mug for you!" Jerome handed the paper to his father, and Allie came to sit on the arm of Blaylock's chair.

Marsden saw his thought leap, stark and terrified, into their eyes as they found the picture.

"Where's the baby?" Allie said sharply, as if the child were already in danger and she must see him to know that he was still safe.

Mr. Blaylock was on his feet now, the paper crushed in his hand.

"What's wrong?" Jerome asked, still laughing.

"Jerome, you fool!" Allie cried. "Don't you realize the Owenses are bound to see this picture?"

JEROME came out of his chair as she spoke the last word. There was something ineffectual and helpless in his panic, and the look his father gave him was sick with contempt and an unwilling pity.

As much as Marsden wanted the Owenses to know where the child was, it hurt him even more than he had imagined it could to see Allie faced with the fact of their knowing. He had not told the Owenses, and now she need never know that she could never have stopped him from telling.

Yet he was not glad. He felt no relief. Not now. Now his only concern was for her.

"I'll get Andrew," he said. He hurried out of the patio and around to the front of the house. Allie ran behind him, trying to keep up with him.

A thin fog was beginning to roll in from the sea and gray wisps drifted above the grass where Andrew, James Smith, and the horse romped in some game which seemed to center about Mrs. Tomkins, who stood in the midst of their strenuous maneuvers, trying to quiet them.

Marsden's glance was caught by a movement of people far down by the gates. Rawlins stood inside the iron grillwork, gesticulating to a man and a woman who looked as if they were pressing against the bars, straining to see the child. There was something familiar about the woman's figure.

"Who's that down there?" Allie whispered.

"Just more of those pests who try to get to your father," Marsden reassured her, and made a quick parade of the return to the patio.

Mr. Blaylock stopped his nervous pacing at the sight of Andrew. Jerome ran to his son and lifted him up in his arms, while Stephen Hunt hovered in inarticulate sympathy.

Tupper appeared in a doorway and spoke to Mr. Blaylock: "Rawlins has telephoned from the gates, sir, that there is a couple who are insisting he let them through. A Mr. and Mrs. Owens—from Long Beach, sir."

Marsden was the first to find his voice: "Tell Rawlins to get rid of them as quickly as possible. He knows no

Andrew was shouting his delight.



Relentlessly, life closes in on the groping heart of a girl

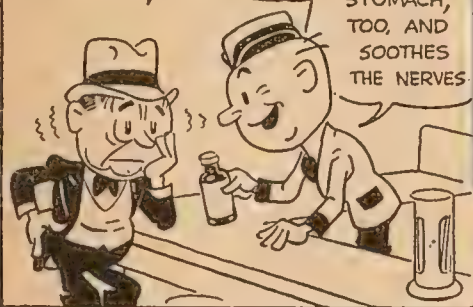
"GOSH—I ought to junk my head it isn't worth the upkeep!"



THEN HELP CAME...

WHAT'S GOOD FOR HEADACHE—OR MAYBE I'D BETTER GET AN AX!

I'D ADVISE BROMO-SELTZER, SIR. IT RELIEVES HEADACHE FASTER—SETTLES YOUR STOMACH, TOO, AND SOOTHES THE NERVES



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THAT WAS "BEFORE BROMO-SELTZER"! IT STOPPED THE PAIN SETTLED MY STOMACH AND SOOTHED MY NERVES. FASTEST RELIEF I EVER SAW!



DOCTORS have proved that Bromo-Seltzer stops next-morning headaches *faster* than any other remedy they've tested.

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Makes you feel fit FASTER!

one gets in without an appointment."

Tupper bowed and closed the door.

"You run along with Mrs. Tomkins, grandson," Mr. Blaylock said.

"Go get your lunch."

He went to Allie and put his arm around her. "Let's go inside, Allie. It's turning cold with the fog."

She lifted her head and slowly stood up. Stephen Hunt followed as she walked within the circle of her father's arm into the library.

She had no eyes for anybody but her father. "This settles it," she said to him. "The baby'll have to go. At once. I'll take him."

"I'll take him," Jerome said eagerly. "Go back up to Alaska—"

"You!" Allie gave him a look.

She turned back to her father. "I'll go tonight. I'll go north—Canada, and then perhaps across to Europe."

"You may have to wait in Seattle

world will be looking for you and Andrew, if you try to run away."

"But we've got to do something!" Jerome cried, his voice sharpening toward hysteria. His father and his sister seemed hardly to hear him. Stephen Hunt watched them in tight-lipped silence.

Marsden thrust his unbandaged right hand into his pocket and began to pace the floor. Without any preamble he plunged into an account of his trip to Long Beach. He told his story as if he had not already told it all to 'lie.

"And," Marsden concluded, "when I asked Wilbur—you know, casually—if he would testify in court that he didn't consider the Owenses fit guardians for the child, he said he would if the child had even a halfway decent home."

Blaylock fell back in his chair. He

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

AS newly appointed personal secretary for wealthy Roger Blaylock, young William Marsden finds himself entrusted with a strange family secret, the center of many perplexing problems. It concerns baby Andrew, the child of his employer's worthless son Jerome. Only members of the family, the Blaylock attorney, Stephen Hunt—a guest—and a few trusted servants know the child is living in the Blaylock mansion near Santa Monica Beach. Lovely daughter Alice Blaylock tells Marsden the circumstances involved. How Jerome, during one of his drinking sprees, had married under the assumed name of Andrew Lovelace, forgotten about it when he sobered. Later he learned the truth. But at Andrew's birth his young wife died, and, scorned by the girl's parents, Jerome had kidnaped the baby and brought him to the house. The maternal grandparents, Alice explained, could not trace him. They knew Jerome only as

Andrew Lovelace.

Just what Stephen Hunt means to Allie, Marsden can't quite decide. His constant quarreling with her, however, adds to Marsden's increasing dislike for the man. Meantime, Marsden finds himself falling in love with her.

Then Alice tells him that even though she does not love Hunt, she is going to marry him. Fear that he'll tell the Owenses, Andrew's grandparents, of the child's whereabouts, is the real cause. Secretly Marsden visits Dr. D. H. Wilbur, the Owenses' family physician, and, without arousing suspicion, gets his word that he would testify in court that baby Andrew was mistreated by the Owenses.

Fearing a prejudiced judge, Alice disdains this attempt of Marsden's to legally free Andrew, and decides to go through with the marriage. Angered, Marsden says he'll tell the Owenses about Andrew.

till I get passports," Blaylock said. "Crockett will have to manage some-way to get one for Andrew under another name."

He reached for the telephone. "I'll call Crockett."

Marsden stopped him: "Mr. Blaylock, can't you see you'll never get away with this now?"

Blaylock, his hand still outstretched, stared at him. Allie stared. They were like two outlaws pausing to wonder at the prattle of a law-abiding ignoramus unable to comprehend their power.

"It's too late now," Marsden insisted. "The Owenses have seen Andrew. They know he's here."

"So what?" Allie said. "Andrew won't be here tomorrow. And who's to tell them where he's gone?"

Marsden scowled at her stupidity. Out of patience, he said:

"If you continue to hide from the Owenses, how long do you think it will be before they go to the police? Maybe they've gone already. When they do go, the newspapers will get the story. Once that happens, the

had relinquished hope—and now to be given this!

Marsden did not know what to say to his gratitude. It was overwhelming. And Jerome treated him as if he were some sort of god come down from the sky.

Allie did not speak. She sat huddled on the low stool, her eyes inscrutable and intent upon him. When Tupper came in to announce luncheon, she hung back until every one but Marsden had left the room. Marsden stood away from the library door for her to precede him. She stopped and in one movement pulled the curtains close and turned to face him. Frowning, intense, she tilted her head back to meet his gaze. She tried to speak, but her mouth was suddenly quivering and she couldn't. Her eyes left his and sought his wounded hand. Gently she touched the bandage with her fingertips, then leaned toward him and put her lips against it. The next instant she was gone, vanished between the curtains.

A letter came the next morning.

Mr. Crockett had said a letter would doubtless be the first move by the Owens.

Worded with pompous precision, it was addressed to Jerome, and stated that Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Owens had reason to believe that "Andrew Lovelace, a minor," was being held by him. If this was the case, they demanded that the child be delivered to them immediately or they be given a satisfactory explanation why he was not. The letter was signed by the Owens' attorney with a flamboyant looping of capital letters: "Jasper J. Jorgenson."

"Well," Crockett said, "we'll wait a few days. Then I'll write this Jorgenson and inform him that my client, Jerome Blaylock, wishes to inform him that his son, Andrew Blaylock, known to Jorgenson's client as Andrew Lovelace, is not in the custody of his father but his grandfather. This will, of course, necessitate a second letter from Jorgenson addressed to you, Roger."

"And then?" Blaylock asked.

"We ignore the letter. That gives the Owens just cause to go into court, the state superior court, and petition for a writ of habeas corpus. It will order you to appear in court on such and such a day at such and such an hour. I appear for you, and the judge sets a day and an hour for the trial."

"The judge!" Allie shivered. "What judge will it be?"

"That I don't know." Mr. Crockett smiled at her.

"But what if he's narrow and bigoted? One of those men that play to the gallery—defend the rights of the 'common people' against the 'rapacity of the rich'? There are such men."

"Unfortunately." He sighed. "Well, we can only hope for the best. But you mustn't be so afraid. We aren't licked." His gray head dipped toward Marsden. "Thanks to Mr. Marsden, we have a chance of winning."

Allie looked at Marsden.

"I know," she said. "If it wasn't for what he did, I don't think I could stand it. This way"—she tried to smile—"I can go on somehow."

THE Owens set about their fight for the child as Mr. Crockett prophesied they would. When the deputy came from the sheriff's office with the writ, Mr. Crockett brightened at the sight of the judge's signature on the document. Judge Lowell was a fine man, impervious to public opinion if it went counter to his ideals of justice.

The issuing of the writ made the case public, and the press made headlines of it. The Blaylocks had always been news, and now the story called out nation-wide comment. Reporters besieged the house. Roger Blaylock had one meeting with them all, answered their questions frankly and honestly, and was treated by his interviewers with the fairness his fairness merited. After that the Blay-

TIRE FACT:

Tests prove that 75% of all tire trouble occurs in the last 25% of a tire's life. Why risk life on smooth tires, when new *Armorubber* Kellys cost so little?



SAVE MONEY WITH ARMORUBBER!

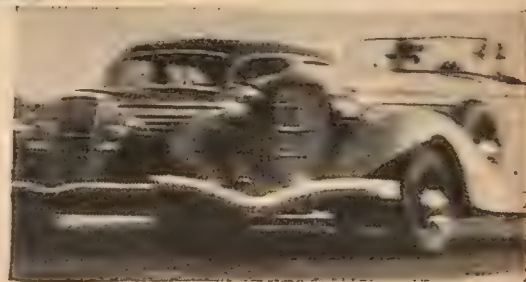
You're Set for any road...and any speed...with Kelly's Tough New *Armorubber* Tread!

SOMETHING has happened since you last bought tires. There's a *new tread-rubber* on the market!

Its name is *Armorubber*...a *different, tougher* kind of rubber...the longest-wearing rubber ever compounded by Kelly-Springfield!

Remarkable? Look what people say! "Six months, and still like new!"... "31,000 miles, and going strong!"... "2 long years—never off the rim!"

These are typical experiences. Even with car speeds increased 48% the past few years...with brakes 55% faster-act-



ing...with pick-ups increased 35%!

Talk to your nearest Kelly dealer. See how Kelly's *Armorubber* keeps you safer through the extra-mileage months...keeps repair bills down!



"SIX YEARS on city and country roads," writes Dr. F. M. Stanton, Columbus, Ohio, "and my two Kellys are still road-worthy. Never before had such service!"

REPLACE WITH

KELLY *Springfield* TIRES

DEPENDABLE
FOR 43 YEARS

DULL... LISTLESS...



● Constipation certainly had me down! I was out-of-sorts—mean to everyone. Yet the laxatives I was used to were so repulsive I just hated to take them. In desperation I consulted my druggist. He advised FEEN-A-MINT. "It's different," he said. "Give it a trial."

AND SHE'S SO HAPPY NOW!



● Thanks to delicious FEEN-A-MINT, life became so different. I felt better at once. Exit sickish feeling, headache, "blues." It's the chewing that helps make FEEN-A-MINT so wonderfully dependable. Acts gently in lower bowel, not in stomach. No griping, no nausea. Not habit-forming. Economical. Write for free sample. Dept. N-4, FEEN-A-MINT, Newark, N.J.

FEEN-A-MINT

THE CHEWING-GUM LAXATIVE
THE 3 MINUTES OF CHEWING MAKE THE DIFFERENCE

RITZ CARLTON

Philadelphia
New Management • policies • decorations
Rooms—Single \$4;
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Executive Accountants and C. P. A.'s earn \$3,000 to \$15,000 a year. Thousands more are needed. We train you thoroughly at home in spare time for C. P. A. examinations or executive accounting positions. Previous bookkeeping knowledge or experience unnecessary. Training given by C. P. A.'s. Write for free book, "Accountancy, the Profession That Pays," and learn about opportunities in this growing, profitable field.

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WARTS REMOVED WITH CASTOR OIL PREPARATION

Say goodbye to ugly warts. A new liquid, NOXACORN, gets rid of them in a few days. Also dries up the worst corn or callus. Contains 6 ingredients including pure castor oil, iodine and "corn-aspirin". Absolutely safe. Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau. Easy directions in package. 35c bottle at druggists. Your money back if it fails to remove any wart or corn.

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COSTS ONLY
10¢"**

"And I get perfect pictures."

UniveX guaranteed cameras from 50c up. At all dealers.



UniveX

lock estate was closed to the world.

Life—Marsden's own life—ceased to belong to him. He was as much a member of the family as if he had been born into it; as much a part of the dread that hovered over the child. Only Stephen Hunt remained outside, excluded by Roger Blaylock's attitude of tolerant inattention. Blaylock was fond of him, but he plainly showed that this was a time when Hunt was not important or intelligent enough to be even a nuisance.

Jerome seemed to have forgotten his hatred and treated Hunt with an almost brotherly affection—striving, it seemed, to make up for the senior Blaylock's absent-minded rudeness. Marsden found himself doing everything he could to convince Hunt that he was not being slighted; while Allie was kindness itself.

Hunt was charmingly considerate of every one. He had unquestionably lost all his resentment of Allie's love for Andrew. He seemed to have become genuinely fond of Andrew.

Marsden even thought he saw in Hunt's eyes the same look that was in his own, in all their eyes, when, in the midst of laughter at some prank of Andrew's, the realization would come down on them with a horrible clarity: This time next month Andrew might not be here. This time next month—

It was at such times that Allie would run to him and hold him close to her, her face pressed against his yellow hair so that he could not see her pain. And Marsden would turn away, knowing that the one happiness he could not live without was the child's belonging forever to her.

On the day that Mr. Crockett went into court for the date of the trial to be set, Allie was insatiable for companionship. Every one must be with her. Her father gave up all pretense of working and asked Marsden to turn over any immediate task to Miss Meeker and let the rest go. Marsden followed the family out on to the lawn, where croquet wickets had been set up. Stephen Hunt and Jerome were figuring out the handicapping for a game in which every one, from Andrew to his grandfather, could play.

It was a complicated job, and while it was being completed, Allie and Marsden paced aimlessly among the wickets. She muttered under her breath:

"I wish I'd asked Crockett to telephone, not to wait till he rides all the way out here to tell us what happened."

"He won't have anything to tell," Marsden said gently. "Believe me, nothing could happen."

"But I want to hear Mr. Crockett say it, say nothing *did* happen." She added quickly, "Still, it's good to hear you say it." She smiled apologetically. "To hear you say it again. I've made you repeat it so many times."

"I'll say it all day, Allie, yap it like a phonograph record, if it does any good." He frowned down at his mallet and swung it viciously across the top of the grass.

"You're very sweet when you frown like that, Bill," she said. "You look so fierce and so very lovable."

"Do I?" he asked brusquely.

He wished she wouldn't say such things. They meant so little to her and, if life weren't what it was, they could mean so much to him.

"Bill," she asked, hitting her mallet against his, "do you like Mr. Crockett?"

"Very much."

"Mr. Crockett is crazy about you; quite twittery, for him—as calm as he is. He says it's a crime for father to tie you down to this sort of job. He says you're being horribly wasted. And father says he knows it and as soon as"—she swallowed hard and forced herself to say it—"as soon as the trial is settled, he's going to offer you something a lot better."

"That's pretty swell of him. I—well, he doesn't have to do that. I don't expect it."

"Of course *you* wouldn't expect it," she said. "But you'll get it; for Crockett told father he himself knew a dozen places where they'd feel themselves lucky to have you."

She hit his mallet hard with hers, and he looked down to find her staring up at him. She seemed faintly animated and graciously concerned with him.

"Bill, you've become what is called a young man with a future, a brilliant future."

THE croquet game was never played; for Mr. Crockett arrived, and Andrew, with his nurse, was left in full command of the field.

Mr. Crockett brought the news that Judge Lowell preferred to have Andrew kept away from the trial—if this was agreeable to both plaintiff and defendant. Mr. Jorgenson had agreed to it.

"You see, Allie," Marsden said, "this proves the judge must understand children. He's already doing everything he can for Andrew's welfare."

"And he might just be protecting the Owensens from any attempt by us to put on a scene, having Andrew, the little golden-haired child, begging not to be sent away from his dear aunt and grandfather Blaylock."

"I don't think that, Allie," her father said.

"How long have we got?" she asked Mr. Crockett. "When is the date of the trial?"

"Three weeks from tomorrow." He stared down at his glasses on their black cord. "I'm sorry. It was the best I could do."

"And a month from today," Marsden said to her, "Andrew will belong to you. I know it."

Determined to overlook no disastrous possibility, Allie began to doubt the willingness of Dr. Wilbur to testify; and when Marsden offered to go immediately and see the doctor, she wanted to go with him.

"I wouldn't if I were you," he told her. "It's a small community. Some one might recognize you from your

pictures in the papers. It might get back to the Owensens. You don't want them to know what you're planning."

"Of course." She was quick to see her stupidity. "But why can't we have Wilbur come up here to us? You telephone him."

"No," Mr. Blaylock stopped her. "We can't have him running to us. It might antagonize him."

It was agreed that Marsden should go alone.

And when the kind and gentle Dr. Wilbur learns of the deceitful trick played on him by Marsden on the first trip, will he still be willing to aid the Blaylocks? Read the next issue of Liberty for this all-important decision!

TWENTY QUESTIONS



1—This week's early photo recalls a great merchant, a Postmaster General of the United States, an antimachine politician. Advertisements for stores ninety miles apart included a message "from the Founder." Who was he?

2—By what Biblical character did seventy-eight women have eighty-eight children?

3—Did a filly ever win the Kentucky Derby?

4—What musician of doubtful talent is radio's highest paid artist?

5—How many states permit brides to be as young as twelve?

6—To what use will olive oil be put during the coronation of George VI?

7—What ancient people dwell in the Pyrenees?

8—Which star made her motion-picture debut in 1925 in *Street of Sorrow*?

9—What is the mathematical chance of being dealt a bridge hand of thirteen cards of one suit?

10—When did Congress first enact income-tax legislation?

11—What are Spain's Loyalists called in Germany?

12—*Sec* on a champagne label means dry; what does *brut* mean?

13—If 365,024 males were arrested in United States cities during 1935, were 27,227, 72,722 or 77,222 females arrested that year?

14—Who stabbed which French Revolutionary leader in his bath?

15—What college that can never be co-educational was founded on the Hudson in 1802?

16—A professional donor receives how much a pint for his blood?

17—Uncle Sam, who pays thirty-one cents for a soldier's daily meals, spends how much for a sailor's?

18—Thomas Dixon's drama, *The Clansman*, became what motion picture?

19—How many teammates does a polo player usually have on his side?

20—What Shakespearean actor produced and starred in *Beau Brummell* and *Monsieur Beaucaire*?



(Answers will be found on page 59)

WAKE UP Mary!

It's a grand
old world
and you're
missing it



YOU'RE a pretty girl, Mary, and you're smart about most things. But you're just a bit stupid about yourself.

You love a good time—but you seldom have one. Evening after evening you sit at home alone.

You've met several grand men who seemed interested at first. They took you out once — *and that was that.*

WAKE UP, MARY!

Underarm perspiration odor is a fault which never fails to carry its own punishment — unpopularity. And justly. For it is a fault which can be corrected in just half a minute — with Mum!

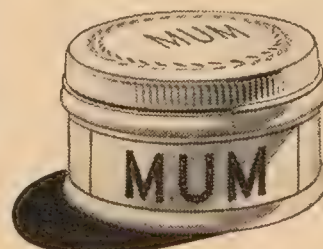
No bother to use Mum. Just smooth a bit of Mum under each arm — that's all there is to it! Slip into your dress at once. **Use it any time; harmless to clothing.** If you forget to use Mum before you dress, just use it afterwards. For it's perfectly harmless to clothing.

Soothing and cooling to skin. You'll love this about Mum — you can shave your underarms and use it at once. Even the most delicate skin won't mind!

Effective all day long. Start with Mum — and you'll come home as fresh as when you started, no matter how strenuous the day.

Does not prevent natural perspiration. Mum just prevents the objectionable part of perspiration — the unpleasant odor — and not the natural perspiration itself.

Don't let this fault cheat you of good times which you were meant to have. The daily Mum habit will keep you safe! Bristol-Myers Co., 630 Fifth Ave., N.Y.



ON SANITARY NAPKINS. Use Mum and know what complete freedom from this cause of unpleasantness can really mean!

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

THE PHYSICAL CULTURE HEALTH RESORT

... invites you to find again life's most precious possession—spirited youth. • This resort is at Dansville, N. Y., patronized by boys and girls of all ages, from sixteen to eighty. • If you have forgotten how to play they will teach you. • All non-contagious diseases scared to death by physcultopathic measures. • Write for information.

PHYSICAL CULTURE HOTEL, INC.

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LIBERTY INVITES YOUR ENTRY NOW!

ALPHA CONTEST

\$2,500 IN CASH PRIZES!

**YOU CAN WIN \$1,000 CASH—
YOUR CHANCE IS EXCELLENT**

If you have not entered Liberty's Alpha Contest game, get busy today while your chance to get into line for a cash prize is still excellent. Start by sending for your set of master contest figures—five triangles, a square, and a parallelogram—by which the letter outlines below can be filled in. See the rules for directions. Save the letters in Set 5 on this page until your master figures arrive and then solve the letters as directed. With the master figures you will receive an example sheet illustrating exactly how to mark your solutions, and also reprints of Sets 1 through 4, so that you will have everything necessary to bring your entry even with the field. As soon as you have solved all the letters up to date your entry will be right up with the leaders.

Note that no solutions are to be submitted until you have completed all eight sets at the end of the contest. This will include all the letters of the alphabet with the exception of W and L, which are used on the example sheet for your guidance. Liberty will publish Set 6 in next week's issue.

FIRST PRIZE.....	\$1,000
SECOND PRIZE.....	200
THIRD PRIZE.....	100
TEN PRIZES, Each \$10.....	100
220 PRIZES, Each \$5.....	1,100

THE RULES

1. Each week for eight weeks Liberty will publish three outlined letters of the alphabet formed by using the set of five triangles, one square, and one parallelogram which comprise the master set of Alpha Contest geometric figures. Every master figure is used just once in the formation of each letter.
2. The perfect solution for each outline letter will find all seven master figures so combined that they will leave no area uncovered and will not extend beyond the outline at any point. When you have a letter so solved, make dots at the corners of the master figures, remove the figures, and draw in their outlines. Your solution will then show the outlines of the seven master figures within the letter as illustrated in the sample letters W and L supplied with your master set.
3. Sets of the seven master figures are obtainable by written request to the contest address in Rule 7, enclosing ten cents in coin or stamps to cover cost of printing, handling, and mailing. When your master set has been used to solve all the letters in this contest, paste it upon the final letter before your entry is submitted. Each entry must include the master set used in its preparation.
4. Do not send in separate solutions. Mail them all at the same time, as a unit, at the end of the contest and include a statement of not more than fifty words telling why you have been interested in this contest.
5. The entry with the greatest number of correctly solved letters accompanied by the clearest, most interesting statement will be awarded the \$1,000 first prize. On this basis, in the order of their excellence, the next best entries will receive awards according to the accompanying prize list. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.
6. All entries must be received on or before Wednesday, June 2, 1937, the closing date of this contest.
7. Address all entries by first-class mail to ALPHA CONTEST EDITOR, Liberty Magazine, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.
8. Any one may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

Set No.5



FREE AIR

from a

TAXI PILOT

Mr. Shorty McCoy
again—Hard luck
still pursues him

READING TIME • 8 MINUTES 57 SECONDS

HOWDY, Mazie? How's my sweetie?

Gee whizz, if theys anything I like, it's trecking into this here lunch wagon of yours at three ayem and knocking over a swell feed. No fooling, I get so fed up touring these tight-wads around, it ain't funny.

Listen, toots, how's the pig's elbows? Good, huh? Okay, slip me a copy with ample sauerkraut and don't forget to heap on the murphys.

Gosh, you sure are getting to be a snappy eye-filler. No kidding, you're like a burlesque chorus. I never know where to look first. I wouldn't be a bit surprised to hear of you barging out to Follywood one of these days and knocking those magic lantern fems for a row of stand-ins. Honest, if I could find me a good job I'd yank you outer this here hash house and me and you would get spliced. How do I know you wouldn't have me? I love that. Say, listen. I may not be a ringer for Robert's Taylor, but when it comes to manufacturing *love*, Armond de Valve has nothing on *me*!

Say, speaking of dough, Mazie, give a listen to the tough breaks I grabbed last week.

Last Tuesday—business being bad—I parked my mousetrap on a corner and trecked into a Greenitch Village uproar-house to get a load of Harlow. Well, just as I got to the window, the drug store cutie handed me a slip informing me it was *Bank Nite*. Not only that, but they was 1,500 slugs on the line waiting to be given away. Imagine those? Well, I stuck for the first four spools, and while the flicker machine was cooling off I barged down to the men's room to flatten my curly locks for the simple reason that they was a cute little trick sitting in the stool next to me.

Just as I started to leave the wash-room, I found I was locked in. I pulled and yanked and yelled bloody murder, but nothing happened. Finally—after about twenty minutes—some guy came down with a mess of tools and unbuttoned the hinges. Oh, boy, I was fit to be chained. To top the fun, somebody called out my *lucky number*, and not being there to claim it, who copped the dough but a Chink! Oh, whata what? When I beefed to the manager, he told me to see the head man, who was golfing in Russia. On the square, I think I'm the world's prize jinx.

That break wasn't bad enough, and a day later along comes another load of grief. Here's what happened:

I'm parked outside of the Hippodrome on 44th Street, when a pal of mine pulls up alongside.

"Listen, Shorty," he says, with a two-buck grin. "If you want to make some *real* dough, watch for the arrival of them *big boats*."

"How come?" I asks, as serious as a hen leg.

"Well," says he, "theys a bunch of

I found a big barge in from Hamburg, so over I blew. I had only been on the dock ten minutes when I spotted a funny looking tomatoe who was having his baggage examined. Sister, he sure was a honey. He looked like a bolshevek. He had on smoked glasses, a comedy dirby, a hairy coat, and sported enough red wire whiskers to stuff a limousine. When he saw my cab, he bekoned me over—Gee, these sure are good pig's knees. Who cooked 'em, Mazie, your mother?

Well, anyway, I ran over to the guy, strapped his trunk on the rear and threw his leather keasters inside. "Here's a real set-up," I says to myself, hopping behind the wheel.

"Where to?" I asks.

Without saying a word, he handed me his card. On it was written:—

BARON FELIX VON VALVESETTER
The Commodore, New York

Taking for granted the egg couldn't speak english, I handed him back the card and leaned on the gas. Instead of driving him across town like I should, I took him up Riverside Drive, past Grant's Tomb, up the Grand Concourse, back through Central Park, and ended up by coming down Fifth Avenue where they was ample traffic. By this time I've got \$5.70 on the damper. All the way out the guy never opened his trap. He just sat back blowing up a perfecto. Finally, I pulled up to the hotel and emptied his traps. On pulling down the iron flag, he just glared at me like I was poison.

"I have a good mind to arrest you

Finally, I pulled up to the hotel and emptied his traps. He glared at me like I was poison.



Words and pictures by BERT GREEN

Keep Skin Young with Mercolized Wax

Mercolized Wax gently melts off faded, discolored outer skin. Reveals the velvety-smooth, soft, beautiful underskin. Blemishes disappear. Mercolized Wax is a complete beauty treatment in a single cream. Contains everything your skin needs. Cleanses. Softens. Beautifies. Protects. Start using Mercolized Wax tonight. Win new skin loveliness. Mercolized Wax brings out the hidden beauty of any complexion.

USE Saxolite Astringent—a refreshing stimulating skin tonic. Smooths out wrinkles and agelines. Refines coarse pores, eliminates oiliness. Dissolve Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel. Use daily. At drug and department stores everywhere.



**SANITAX
BRUSHES**

The open metal back and hand-drawn genuine boar bristle permit Sanitax Brushes to be sterilized with boiling water. A clean brush—healthy luxuriant hair!

SO SIMPLE TO CLEAN
—so easy to keep clean—the truly Sanitary Brush. Sold by leading stores everywhere. **SANITAX, CHICAGO**

ADVERTISERS

...Liberty is sold the same way you sell your goods — over the counter in the market places of America. More than 2,000,000 buy Liberty week by week. This is the largest single copy sale of any magazine.



Veined. UGLY!

CLEAR EYES in Seconds!

Eyes that are red and veined... from late hours, fatigue, exposure, etc. ... now made clear and white in seconds. Your money back if new, scientific EYE-GENE fails! Clears dullness, makes eyes sparkling... more alluring. Just as superior for refreshing tired, overworked eyes. Acts almost instantly. Stainless, safe.

White. PRETTY!

At all drug and department stores

EYE-GENE

for touring me all over the city," he said, in the best King's english.

"For what?" I asks, with a dead pan.

Without answering, he took off his smoked cheaters, pulled off his foney whiskers, and handed me his real card.

Holy mackrel, when I gave it the once over I nearly folded. It read:—

JAMES PATRICK O'HOO LAHAN
Secret Service, Department of Justice
Federal Building, New York

Well, Mazie, I was slayed! I just stood there like a big yap. The dick warned me that if I ever pulled that trick again "he would bury me in jail!"

That little experience cost me two gallons of gas, an hour's time, \$5.70 in dough, and a good tip. What's more, I had to jackass his trunk. Never again!!!

What are you laffin' at? That ain't funny!

Oh, I'm telling you, Mazie, this hacking racket is a swell game. It's about as stable as the business end of a rainbow. One day you're sitting out in front and the next three days you don't know where your next cruller is coming from.

Listen, if you think that was a real tough one, get *this* for a topper. —Pass the vinegar!

Last Wednesday night I pulled up in front of a cafeteria to get a pack of butts. I no sooner got in my hack than a little, tough, beady-eyed guy hopped in. He had a sax case under one arm and seemed ample nervous.

"Forty-ninth Street and Tenth Avenue," he grunts. So I pulled down the tin flag and started on my merry way. When I reached the spot, he told me to draw up to the curb in front of a place that said: "Wood Cellar. Logs, 75¢ a dozen." When I stopped, he told me to stick around, as he expected someone.

A few seconds later, up comes a snappy little dance-hall blonde. When she saw her boy friend in the cab, she hopped in.

"Did you bring the Chicago typewriter, Max?" she whispered in a bourbon voice.

"Yeah," he growled, "an' I got three roscoes too. One for me, one for you, and the other for Trigger."

"Typewriter, roscoe, and Trigger?" I says to myself. "That sounds kind of foney."

"York Avenue and 88th Street!" barks Max.

As soon as I reached the destination—which was a tenement—the frail went in and rang a bell. A few seconds later, out stepped another pal. Oh, boy, he sure was a tough looking gorilla. No fooling, if he ever spat, he'd break a board. When he stepped

in my leaping tuna, he said to the other two:—

"Hey! Are you going to take *this* sappy looking mug along"—meaning me—"or will we bump him off on the way?"

"Ix-nay!" said Max. "Maybe we can use him for a clay pigeon."

Cute, huh?

Well, Mazie, I didn't know what to say or do, I was that jittery. I knew they was framing something and if I as much as let out a squawk they would have plugged me just to hear me holler, so I played dumb.

"125th Street!" yelled the guy called Trigger. "Get going!"

Oh, brother, I let out like a bat out of hell. When I reached the neighborhood they ordered me to pull up to a small resturant. After watching the customers from the cab window, the dame and Max got out. The dame walked up to the cashier and told him

to turn over the "cabbage" while Max took a position at the door with the "hose." A second later Trigger leaned over my shoulder—sociable like—and put the nice cold end of the gat against the back of my neck.

"Keep that motor running!" he growled. "One peep out of you and they'll be straining soup through you!"

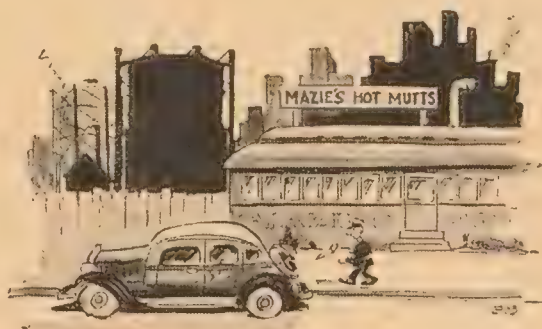
A pleasant evening, eh, Mazie? Well, I'm not kidding you. I was so scaart I nearly died. The next thing I knew, out rushed the dame folleyed by Max who was keeping the angry mob back with the "typewriter."

"Step on it!" hollered Trigger, massaging the back of my neck with the cannon.

I put everything to the floor and I thought the engine would pull the kidneys out of the trap. Around the corner we went on one wheel with the mob after us hollering something gawd-awful.

Whata ride! We made Howard Hughes look like he was toying with a glider. In our wild escape, lights, cops, trucks and trolleys didn't mean a thing. When I got over to Second Avenue, they made me go around the block and retrace our path as a cop's car was using us for a shooting gallery. Somehow, the coppers got lost in the traffic. When we got over to the East River, Trigger told me to get out of the cab and beat it while I had my good health. The next thing I knew, I was standing in the middle of the street holding up my dukes while they drove off with my mouse-trap, and me without a dime's worth of insurance. —Let's have a slab of that stromberry pie, eh, love lips? I'm starved.

What happened after that? Well, I rushed over to the nearest police station and told the desk sarge all about the stickup, and darn



the dumb donkey didn't toss me in the cooler, saying I was an "excelsior to the fact" as he put it. Just as I was about to throw in the sponge, two flat feet came in and said they had pinched the bandits. They also asked me if I wanted my cab?

"Of course!" I said, half nuts.

"Okay," said the other. "It's abandoned over on West and Perry Streets. You better grab it before somebody uses it for spare parts!"

Now wasn't that a nice load of clams, and me without a cent? To make things worse, when I left the station house to find my hack it was raining cats and dogs. It would! Yes, and when I found the darned thing I nearly dropped dead. What do you suppose was inside? A damned drunk!! He had the top rolled back and was taking a shower bath! Tie that one!

Well, I've got to screw along, kid. Toodle-oo!

More hectic high lights in the dizzy life of Mazie's taxi sweetheart will appear in an early issue.

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 55

1—John Wanamaker (1838-1922).

2—Rehoboam, 2 Chronicles 11:21—"And Rehoboam . . . took eighteen wives, and threescore concubines; and begat twenty and eight sons, and threescore daughters."

3—Yes, in 1915: Regret, running for Harry Payne Whitney, won the event.

4—Jack Benny.

5—Ten—but the grooms must be at least fourteen years of age.

6—To anoint the King. The Archbishop of Canterbury places consecrated olive oil upon the head, breast, and palms of His Majesty, who thereupon becomes the "Lord's anointed."

7—The Basques.

8—Greta Garbo. The picture was directed by G. W. Pabst.

9—About one in 153,000,000,000, according to Dr. Aaron Bakst of the Department of Mathematics in Teachers College, Columbia University.

10—In 1862, to help finance the Civil War. The first law provided a tax of three per cent upon incomes less than \$1,000, with an exemption of but \$600; and five per cent upon higher incomes. The law, revised several times, was not done away with until 1872.

11—Bolshevists.

12—Very dry.

13—There were 27,227 females arrested out of a total of 392,251.

14—Charlotte Corday stabbed Jean Paul Marat (1793).

15—The United States Military Academy at West Point, New York.

16—Thirty-five dollars is the usual rate.

17—Forty-two cents a day.

18—The Birth of a Nation.

19—Three, there usually being four players on a side.

20—

Richard Mansfield



FOOT ITCH ATHLETE'S FOOT

Send Coupon
Don't Pay Until Relieved

According to the Government Health Bulletin, No. E-28, at least 50% of the adult population of the United States are being attacked by the disease known as Athlete's Foot.

Usually the disease starts between the toes. Little watery blisters form and the skin cracks and peels. After a while the itching becomes intense and you feel as though you would like to scratch off all the skin.

Beware of It Spreading

Often the disease travels all over the bottom of the feet. The soles of your feet become red and swollen. The skin also cracks and peels, and the itching becomes worse and worse.

Get rid of this disease as quickly as possible, because it is very contagious and it may go to your hands or even to the under arm or crotch of the legs.

Most people who have Athlete's Foot have tried all kinds of remedies to cure it.

Here's How to Treat It

The germ that causes the disease is known as Tinea Trichophyton. It buries itself deep in the tissues of the skin and is very hard to kill. A test made shows it takes 20 minutes of boiling to kill the germ, so you can see why the ordinary remedies are unsuccessful.

H. F. was developed solely for the purpose of treating Athlete's Foot. It is a liquid that penetrates and dries quickly. You just paint the affected parts. It peels off the tissue of the skin where the germ breeds.

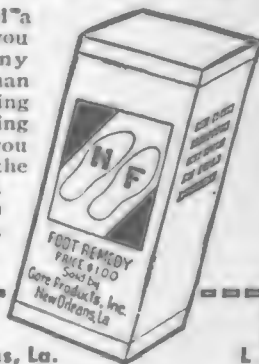
Itching Stops Immediately

As soon as you apply H. F. you will find that the itching is immediately relieved. You should paint the infected parts with H. F. night and morning until your feet are well. Usually this takes from three to ten days, although in severe cases it may take longer or in mild cases less time.

H. F. will leave the skin soft and smooth. You will marvel at the quick way it brings you relief; especially if you are one of those who have tried for years to get rid of Athlete's Foot without success.

H. F. Sent On Free Trial

Sign and mail the coupon and a bottle of H. F. will be mailed you immediately. Don't send any money and don't pay the postman any money, don't pay anything any time unless H. F. is helping you. If it does help we know you will be glad to send us \$1 for the treatment at the end of ten days. That's how much faith we have in H. F. Read, sign, and mail the coupon today.



GORE PRODUCTS, INC.

803 Perdido St., New Orleans, La.

Please send me immediately a complete treatment for foot trouble as described above. I agree to use it according to directions. If at the end of 10 days my feet are getting better I will send you \$1. If I am not entirely satisfied I will return the unused portion of the bottle to you within 15 days from the time I receive it.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE

PICK AMERICA'S TEN FAVORITE OLD SONGS

AND WIN CASH **\$750** IN PRIZES

HERE'S a contest you won't be able to resist! Can you name America's ten most popular songs of all time! It's worth trying! First prize is \$250 in cash and there are thirty-two other prizes for runners up . . . Do not fail to get the May issue of RADIO MIRROR Magazine and find out all about this big contest for all-time favorite songs the Gillette Community Sing program are seeking for their special gala program that will be broadcast after this contest closes . . . Get RADIO MIRROR today, read the rules carefully and get your share.

SEE HOW TO WIN IN THE JUNE

ON SALE AT

Radio
MIRROR

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MAGAZINE

TUNE IN

GILLETTE COMMUNITY SING

ON CBS STATIONS • EVERY SUNDAY—10 P. M., E. D. T.

Vox Pop

An Open Letter to Swanee Taylor on Airplane Crashes

WINNETKA, ILL.—Since every one realizes, Mr. Taylor, that you are only a few steps removed from the status of an "armchair pilot," the air-line pilots are perhaps a trifle more generous than they want to be in their realization that you, as a pencil pusher and a spectator from the side lines, can get out your trusty typewriter and give to the waiting world your personal opinion, backed by no evidence, as to Why These Airplane Crashes? (March 6 Liberty.) There always has to be a goat—some one to hang it on—therefore why not pick out a dead man?

Dead men are defenseless. They won't talk back. They can't give their side of the story and perhaps embarrass official investigators. "Dead men tell no tales." A perfect out for a mysterious crack-up.

In your article you say, rather vaguely, that there isn't a stick of evidence against a machine which is operated correctly. Which really does not say a thing but to infer that if a pilot can land and take off a plane, and keep it on an even keel while in the air, the plane will function correctly. True enough. But it's also a hit below the belt at the air-line pilots. There's plenty of evidence against the structural failure of planes. You deny this. In one recent crash on the Coast, parts of one of the wings were found strewn hundreds of feet behind the accident;

and one of the motors was many feet from the scene of the accident. This indicated that a wing might have buckled, or a motor might have been pulled from the motor mount. The official cause has not yet been made known. But a recent special dispatch from San Francisco said that "A little microphone, no larger than an apple, was responsible. The solution was *theoretical*."

Space does not permit me to enumerate the many evidences of accidents where the cause cannot be laid to the pilots but can be laid squarely on faulty weather reporting, beams going out, radios not functioning properly in bad weather, clearance being given when even the birds were on the ground.

Still, you say, blame the pilots? It doesn't hold water. If you feel that way, why not abolish accidents by keeping pilots on the ground? If there weren't pilots to take the planes up, there would be no accidents. That's about the sort of argument you're offering.

I would like to agree fervently with a signed open letter of yours, which was published recently, in which you say, "I've been sorta running off at the mouth lately and there is a limit to how much one man can say." From the adverse feeling against yourself which you have stirred up, I would say that you were at last realizing your many errors.—*Jane H. Meyer.*

Opinion of Aviators

BOSTON, MASS.—Last week, in the process of a 4,000-mile trip via the air lines, I was having dinner in the Atlanta Airport. Four regular transport pilots were at the table. Liberty's Swanee Taylor article, Why These Airplane Crashes? was being subjected to considerable ridicule.

Accustomed to expect from Liberty a high type of editing, I listened closely to the discussion of this article which purports to represent "the unanimous opinion of aviators."

These pilots based at Atlanta appear to be well acquainted with Swanee Taylor. If they are correct about his background, I wonder if Liberty isn't guilty of some loose editing through the pub-

lication of this article by an author whose qualification may not entitle him to discuss transport flying with any reasonable degree of authority.

Has Swanee Taylor ever been a transport pilot (or an operator) on any established commercial air line? I am told not.

Is he an experienced navigator, accustomed to the use of modern blind flying and navigation equipment? The pilots (whose opinion he is supposed to be phrasing) say "No."

If this is correct, wouldn't Liberty be more fair to its readers and to the air lines if it chose a qualified expert to discuss this highly technical subject?—*John Chase Strouse.*

JIM JEFFRIES RETIRED UNDEFEATED HEAVYWEIGHT

WILLIAMSBURG, VA.—In March 20 Twenty Questions, No. 14 asks: "Who won the heavyweight championship from Jim Jeffries?" The answer is, "Jack Johnson."

The correct answer is, Jim Jeffries retired undefeated champion of the

world. Bobby Burns claimed and was recognized as champion. Jack Johnson knocked out Bobby Burns to win the championship.

Five years after his retirement, Jim Jeffries came back as the white hope to be knocked out by Jack Johnson, the champion.

Any boxing record will support my statement.—*Wayne Lovelace.*

CONTEST CHAMP TELLS HOW HE DOES IT

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH—To me, the most fascinating, remunerative, interesting hobby in the world is contesting. Contests are an antidote for ennui, disappointments, and "too much time on one's hands."

Some people never win contests: primarily because, believing them to be "put-up jobs," they think it is futile even to enter them; secondly, procrastination. But they are mistaken.

Contests, no matter how small or large the prizes are, can be won. Won by following explicitly the rules, neatness, originality, and presentation. I do not claim the honor of being America's No. 1 contest champ; but although, like others, at first skeptical of winning, I have won in many varied contests.

I keep a scrapbook with letters of congratulation I have received along with cash prizes, also clippings of contests from various magazines. When you send in an entry for any contest, forget about it, and if you do win you will be pleasantly surprised.

Always try and be better and different from the rest, and, above all else, be original!

I am right now entered in about fifteen various contests, and am I having fun!

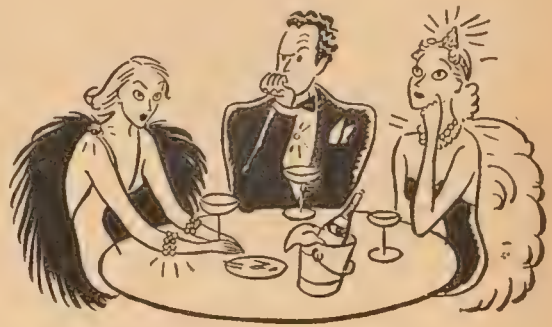
It is a mistaken idea that entries in contests must be typewritten. If written in pen and ink neatly, they will receive just as much attention, providing they are legible. Also, if you send just one entry, it will receive just as much consideration as if you submitted ten. I have won four various contests on the strength of one entry.

I want to repeat that the most important things to remember in submitting entries in contests are:

(1) Be brief and original. (2) Be neat and different. (3) Never expect to win. (4) Never use pencil. Use pen and ink. (5) If possible, be humorous.—*Leo Raab.*

SAD EYES IN HOLLYWOOD

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Now that I've read that cheap trash, Hollywood's Income-Tax Jitters (March 20 Liberty), I can understand the cause of all the sad eyes and frowns and wrinkles I see



among the poor "stars" at the Trocadero, Santa Anita, Palm Springs, and in the pictures themselves.

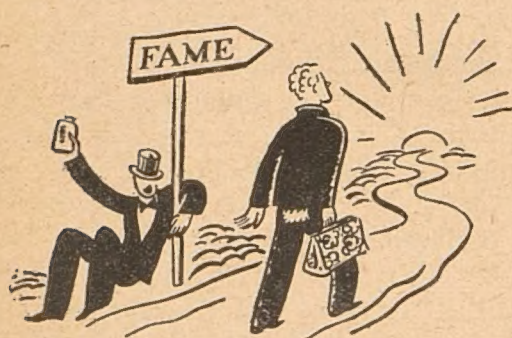
I expect there will be wholesale resignations in Hollywood when they read it, and the boys and gals will be back in the old town trying to get back their jobs at ribbon counters, soda fountains, ham-'n'-egg jernts, etc.—*Austin Z. Black.*

CARPETBAG AND HEAVY JAG

DALHART, TEX.—Well, anyway, seeing that he is being so much cussed and discussed, Cornelius Vanderbilt should know that he is being read in Liberty.

Mr. Henry Thompson (March 27 Vox Pop) seems to imply that he believes that the uphill road to fame may be leveled and made easy by sprinkling it with dollars.

But, from what I have read, the poor boy leaves home carrying a carpetbag and the rich boy has on a heavy jag. And statistics seem to prove that the carpetbag gets to fame first and oftenest.—*Stella Foster.*



SWEEPSTAKES TICKETS FOR 20,000 YEARS

WASHINGTON, D. C.—If I invest \$100 at 5 per cent interest I get \$5 a year return. I can buy two sweepstake tickets a year with that interest. It will allow me to hold tickets for 20,000 years ere I spend \$100,000.

Don't you think I have a good chance in pulling down a prize in that time?

I pay twenty cents per hundred for fire insurance on my household goods. I am betting twenty cents against \$100 that I won't have a fire in 500 years. Will I?

I never bet on a horse race in my life, but I do think this sweepstake has a possibility when it occurs only twice a year, and it will never make me a horse-race bettor.—*G. Crawford.*

HOW HE PREVENTED A STRIKE

MIAMI, FLA.—After reading his fine editorials in Liberty, I believe Mr. Macfadden has a better conception of the dangerous condition our country is drifting into than any other writer.

A way must be found that will induce workmen, executives, and shareholders to co-operate fully and with confidence in each other. This is a big job but not impossible.

I am seventy-six years young, and enjoy hard mental work as much as ever. Strangers think I'm in the fifties. Based upon F. D. R.'s standards, I should have obliterated myself six years ago. I left home when I was sixteen years old with \$2.50. In 1892 I started the Miller Rubber Company with less than \$500 capital, which with national advertising built up a business of \$40,000,000 a year and employed over 4,000 persons. I was its chief execu-

tive until 1930, when it consolidated with the Goodrich Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio. I am the largest owner and president of the Logan Clay Products Co.

I never had labor trouble or a strike, with wages not over the going rate. In 1913 a howling I. W. W. mob surrounded the Miller Rubber Company's plant and demanded that our workmen go out on strike. To protect our employees, we sent them home on half pay, with the condition that they stay at home until we send for them. Within a month they were all back to work, after deputy sheriffs drove the outside racketeers from the city.

This proved very profitable in the end, as it made our workmen more loyal and induced the best rubber workers in Akron to seek employment with us.—*Jacob Pfeiffer.*

WHEN REPEATER WATCHES FIRST APPEARED

EL PASO, TEX.—If L. W. Pedrose knows no more concerning guns than he does of a repeater watch with chimes, he will never qualify as an authority on firearms. His statement that nobody dreamed of a repeater watch with chimes in the roistering '70s is simply wild and woolly (March 27 Vox Pop).

Permit me to state that I have in my possession a watch with chimes made by Anthony Harrison, a watchmaker of London, England, from 1701 to 1720, thus insuring the existence of the watch as early as that period, while L. W. Pedrose has the temerity to declare that nobody dreamed of a repeater watch with chimes as early as 1870!—*Edwin Gordon Lawrence.*

"HARDTACK"



"Remember now, when I blow the light fuse you pour another gallon of water in the lemonade."

CLUB LADIES PREFERRED GIGOLO

COATESVILLE, PA.—A few weeks ago I gave a book review of *Gone With the Wind* to a group of fifty clubwomen, and when I had finished they all began talking about a story by Mary K. Rhodes (February 13 Liberty)—not my book I'd worked like the very old Ned to give a report on!



As Modena's Gigolo completely took the rest of the afternoon away from *Gone With the Wind* (and me), I thought maybe you'd like to know about it.—*Maud K. Ruoff.*

COULD DRUIDS SHOUT "GOD SAVE THE KING"?

MADISON, WIS.—Having just finished reading *Coronation Secrets* (February 27 Liberty), it occurs to me that I shall not be out of order in drawing your attention to what appears to me to be a discrepancy by the author, Frederick L. Collins.

He writes of the invocations and incantations of the Druid priests and of the assemblage sending up a shout of "God save the King!" at the close of the ceremony.

Now, I was always taught that the Druids were stone worshipers and pagans, and in fact the author writes of their pagan gods Thor and Woden.

That these people would send up a shout of "God save the King!" appears to me a little incongruous.

Another thing: I think that in nearly all articles pertaining to the coronation, and to the abdication of Edward, the martyr angle is too strongly played up.

To me, Edward VIII would have been a great martyr had he forgone his own personal desires in the interest of duty.—*Sid Burrows.*

[Mr. Collins replies: You and I, Mr. Burrows, are not so much out of step about the coronation as you seem to think.

I didn't mean to infer that the Druid priests necessarily used our modern English words in invoking their god's blessing on their kings, or that, according to our modern Christian view, they necessarily invoked the same god.

Personally, I believe that God is God, by whatever name you call Him—but you do not need to accept that view, and neither do Liberty's other readers.

As to Edward VIII's not being a martyr, I agree with you heartily. It is becoming increasingly clear, I think, that he was a victim: that he had no more choice about giving up his power than President Roosevelt would have if the Nine Old Men could have their say-so about him—or, if you like, than the Nine Old Men will have if the President has his say-so.

But I didn't say Edward was either a martyr or a victim. I said he was a ghost.]

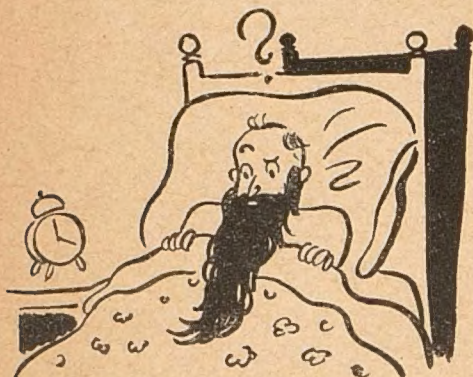
It Happened In

PARIS, FRANCE—A widow in Paris wants a photograph of her husband, even if it be only a rogues' gallery picture. She wrote to the public prosecutor:

"I am a widow and I haven't a photograph of my poor dead husband. Fourteen years ago he was arrested for murder, but it wasn't very serious and he got only five years in jail. When he was arrested he had his picture taken by the police, and I would now like the picture."

ST. JOHNS, MICH.—When some one asked George Craft whether he slept with his whiskers outside the covers or under them, he had to admit he didn't know. He'd never given it a thought before—just slept. That night he tried them under the covers, and it didn't seem quite right. He couldn't get to sleep. So he put them outside, and still wasn't sure. At 4 A. M. he hadn't slept a wink—just couldn't put his beard where it felt comfortable.

He got up, grabbed a pair of scissors, cut off the whiskers, and went to sleep.



MLADE BOLESLAV, CZECHOSLOVAKIA—A husband objected to being divorced by his wife because he said he had footed the wedding bills on the distinct understanding that his wife would pay for the divorce, and now she was trying to wriggle out of it. He won.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES

Sign on a Japanese bakery wagon in Yokohama:

"Tommy Tokoyama, Biggest Loafer in Town."

Sign on a New Jersey store:

"Why go elsewhere and be cheated? Come in here."

POLITICS MADE SIMPLE

SHORTER WORK WEEK

This here is a silly question. My work week can't be shortened none, it is down to Zero already. What I crave is a shorter loafin' week, with more meals in it.

As fer the Minimum Wage they all talk about, when am I goin' to get it?—EZRA DILL.



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The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any living person, it is purely accidental—a coincidence.

COVER PAINTED BY ARTHUR SMITH

WHAT WOULD JESUS TEACH ABOUT SOCIAL HYGIENE?

"It is impossible to think of Jesus, if He were here today, ignoring a condition that imperils the lives and morals of millions of human beings!"

These are the words of Dr. Charles M. Sheldon, famous author of

IN HIS STEPS

the book that has sold more than 20,000,000 copies. Dr. Sheldon in Liberty next week takes up the question of social diseases in a frank common-sense manner, tears aside the hush-hush veil that has hidden this problem for ages, and presents an article that should be read by all men, women, and children—especially the children—in the entire country.

THE WORLD IS READY TO CRACK: AN AMERICAN GENERAL'S WARNING

How far away do you think the next war is? Do you think we'll be dragged into it? Do you realize just what we are facing—just what's going to happen to us?

Probably not—but General Robert Lee Bullard does, and he puts it before you next week in Liberty in a tremendously important article. General Bullard, by virtue of his position and his firsthand study of world and national affairs, knows what is coming when the European powder keg explodes. The warning he sounds is a warning to heed!

WILL HAYS TELLS WHAT THE MOVIES ARE COMING TO

Mr. Hays has been on the "inside" of the movie world for fifteen years. More than any other one man, he knows what changes are coming in the movies—changes in stories, in stars, in color, in sound. What parts such glorious opera stars as Lily Pons, Grace Moore, Gladys Swarthout, Lawrence Tibbett will play.

All moviegoers will find Mr. Hays' article of vital interest. As for non-moviegoers—Mr. Hays has a special message for them next Wednesday!

Also stories and features by Robert E. Pinkerton, Hagar Wilde, Kay Rae Nebel, and others.



LILY PONS

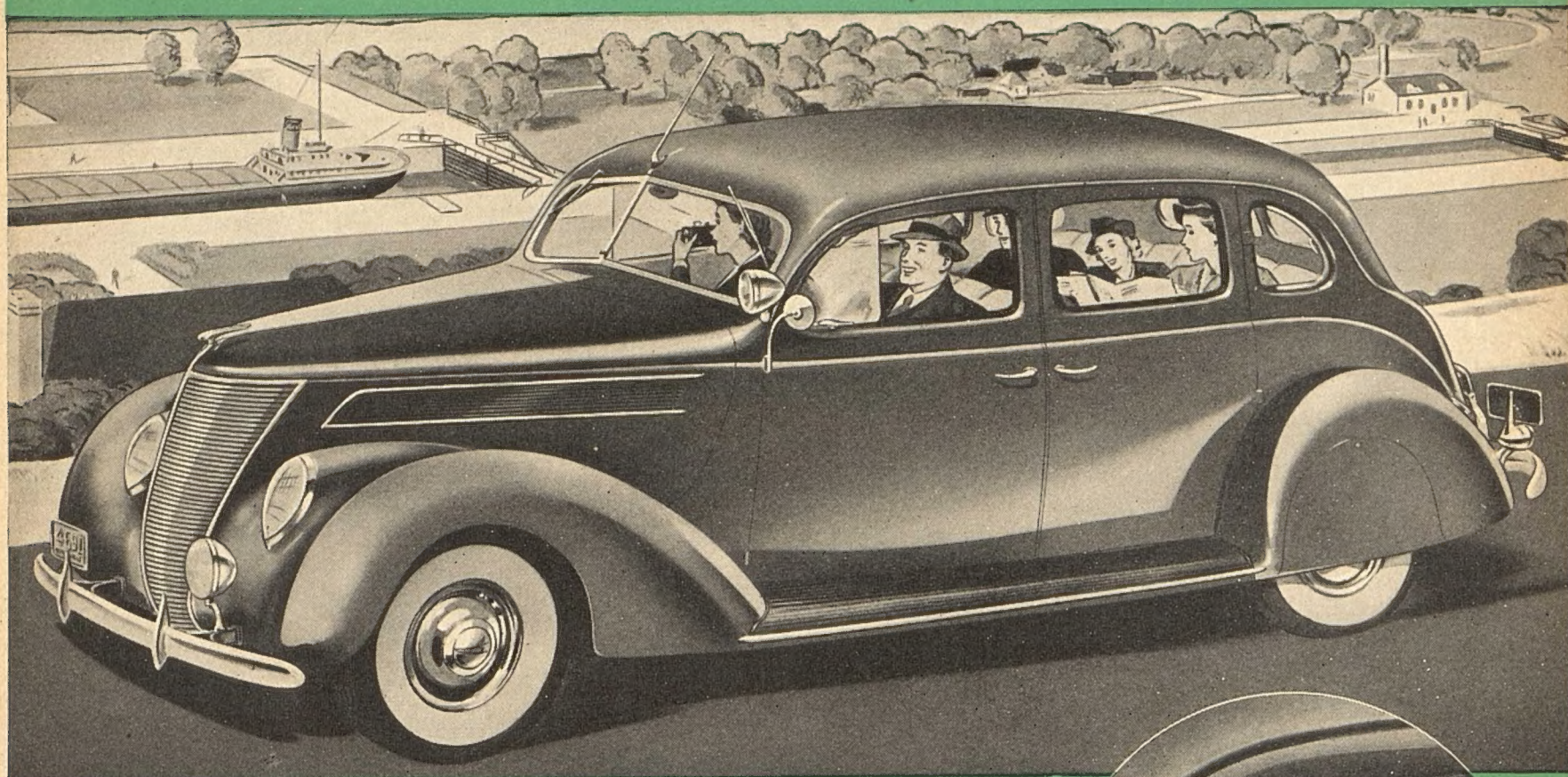
NEXT WEEK IN

Liberty

ON SALE APRIL 28

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Motoring in your Ford V-8 is always a pleasure. But you can add to that pleasure with Genuine Ford Accessories. They add extra comfort, convenience and beauty. They'll bring you a new pride in owning and driving your Ford V-8.

Designed particularly for the Ford V-8, each Genuine Ford Accessory is built to the same strict standards of quality so evident in the

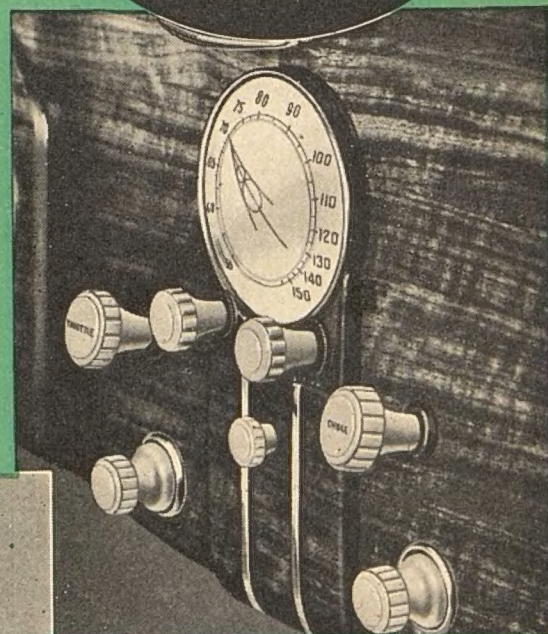
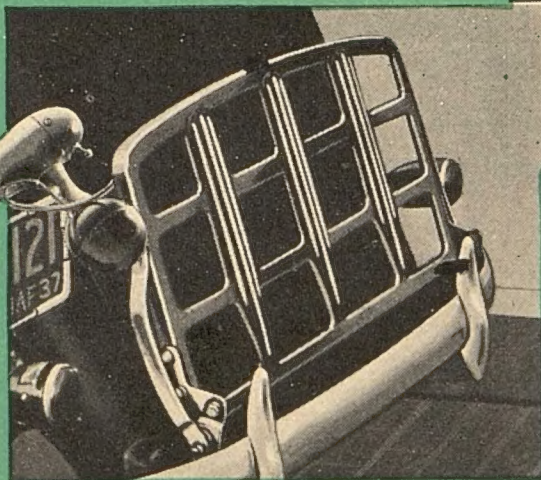
Ford car itself. In materials, workmanship, construction, Genuine Ford Accessories are worthy equipment for THE QUALITY CAR IN THE LOW-PRICE FIELD.

Ask any Ford dealer for the booklet illustrating and describing the complete line of Genuine Ford Accessories for all models of Ford cars. Have some of them installed. You'll enjoy a new thrill in motoring.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY, DEARBORN, MICHIGAN

For that vacation trip and at other times when you must carry excessive baggage, this Ford Trunk Rack (at right) is particularly useful. It is available in colors to match the color of your Ford V-8. \$7.50.

This powerful spot light (below) is not only a convenience, it is an extra safety feature for night driving. Controlled from the driver's seat. \$16.75 installed.



Windshield Wings (shown at top above). Made of Safety Glass. Easily Installed. Available for all closed models where wind deflectors are desired. Per pair only \$10 installed.

Wherever you drive, you can keep in touch with the world with a Genuine Ford Radio in your Ford V-8. The Illuminated non-glare dial (shown above) and the control knobs match other instrument controls. \$48 installed. Open cars slightly higher.

Helen Jepson tells why she chooses a light smoke

"A season of opera and concert means my voice and throat must be consistently in perfect condition. Therefore, although most of my smoking is done while I am on vacation, it is all important to me that I be careful in choosing my cigarette. I smoke Luckies because I enjoy their taste and, because I feel it is wiser for me to choose a light smoke for my voice."

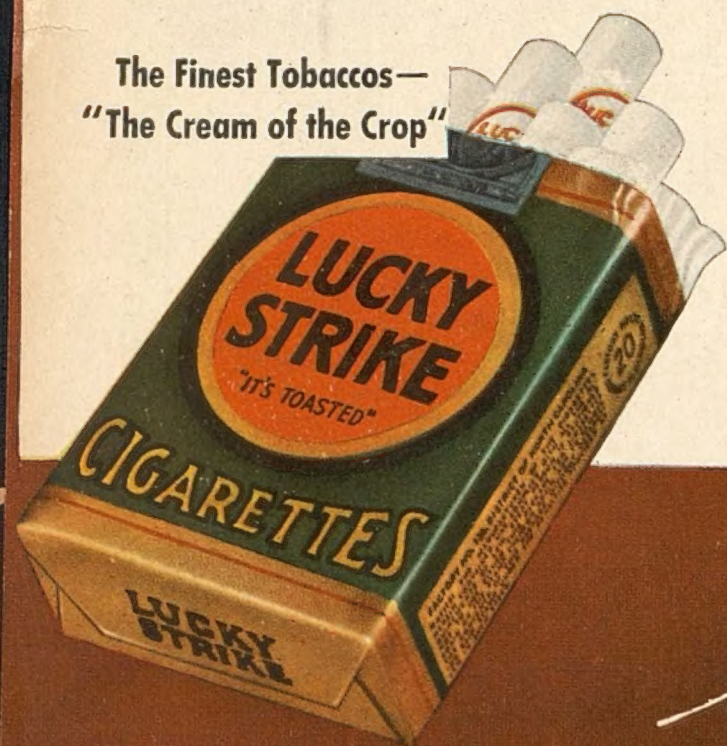
Helen Jepson

LOVELY PRIMA DONNA OF THE METROPOLITAN OPERA



Copyright 1937, The American Tobacco Company

The Finest Tobaccos—
"The Cream of the Crop"



An independent survey was made recently among professional men and women—lawyers, doctors, scientists, etc. Of those who said they smoke cigarettes, over 87% stated they personally prefer a light smoke.

Miss Jepson verifies the wisdom of this preference, and so do other leading artists of the radio, stage, screen and opera. Their voices are their fortunes. That's why so many of them smoke Luckies. You, too, can have the throat protection of Luckies—a light smoke, free of certain harsh irritants removed by the exclusive process "It's Toasted". Luckies are gentle on the throat.

a light smoke

"IT'S TOASTED"—YOUR THROAT PROTECTION **AGAINST IRRITATION
AGAINST COUGH**